

# COMINGS AND GOINGS

(Examining some of the purposes of spontaneous psychic phenomena and Spirit communication)

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## *INTRODUCTION*

In spite of myriad advances in civilisation's history, man seems as slow as ever to learn to respect his fellow beings' right to free thought and feeling and still we witness incredible intolerances as if almost afraid to 'live and let live' in peace and goodwill. Millions pray for peace and unity in the world and yet comparatively few of those millions **work** at practising that unity even amongst their kith and kin. Ego raises its ugly head far too often and allows man to dismiss – frequently without the justification of greater knowledge within himself – the ideas and the beliefs of others.

Never more has this been found than in matters of religion, and perhaps most of all, if something like the religion of Spiritualism is mentioned. Many Spiritualist meetings, even in this day and age, are demonstrated against by those of other religious denominations, often screaming quotes from the Bible – though highly selective ones – and yet not recognising that the Great Book is one of the most outstanding psychic records in man's history.

When different forms of mediumship and psychic phenomena come under discussion only the fool would attempt to dismiss all the evidence with a few cursory generalisations and assumptions, and especially when we turn to the question of spontaneous phenomena, that which is way outside the many public demonstrations of mediumship and those of the séance room. In this field, the psychical researcher, the interested enquirer, is frequently accused of giving himself over to vain imaginings, wishful thinking, hallucination and so forth. However, there are also certain long-held fallacies which hold that "the Spirits of the dead should not be conjured up" and that "the dead should be left in peace", this being completely dashed when we look at the psychical facts which demonstrate quite clearly that the forays of the Spirit into the Earthly vibration are of **their own volition**, and can never be 'conjured up', 'forced' or 'willed' by any living man or woman.

In so many areas of life are we unable to satisfy ourselves with absolutely watertight conclusions where we are not knowledgeable of all the background facts, whether the issue relates to a situation, a single human being, or perhaps a group of them, and it is disquieting when so many people – totally ignorant of psychic facts – make sweeping assessments of the field and its many levels of activity.

There is a wealth of well-recorded cases of spontaneous psychic phenomena and in this booklet we shall look to some of the valuable purposes behind such instances, which totally belie the frequent cry of the sceptic that “all such things are valueless even if they are true”!

It will be noted that in each example herein that nothing has been said or done by any Earthly person to ‘invoke’ the Spirits – everything being completely unpremeditated – and, in most cases, we see that the Earthly people concerned have, in the main, been of a type least likely to attend Spiritualist Churches, Psychic Societies, Research Groups or anything at all related to this field. Much that is contained in our analyses will serve to demonstrate the degree of truth in the oft-repeated phrase “The Spirit is in the Everywhere”.

The layman declares that he cannot begin to comprehend mediumistic experiences at all, forgets that often a medium, or healer, has difficulty in comprehending the lamentable lack of vision and awareness of those who do not have experiences similar to his own. Herein we shall read of several highly purposeful visits of those of the world beyond this, all totally unsought, uninvited...and yet, in their outcome, very deeply appreciated.

## I

Irrespective of the history of psychic experiences I had known since childhood, I never felt inclined to probe deeply into the areas of mediumship and allied subjects in my earliest manhood, preferring to simply acknowledge that such experiences happened no doubt to others as well as myself. One of the most striking spontaneous experiences came, however, totally unsought, at a time when I was at something of a crossroads in my life.

Several interviews for a new position with a leading national organisation had concluded with my being short-listed along with one other candidate for the vacancy and then a letter told me I had been unsuccessful. The following day I had a young lady friend, Margaret, visiting me in Essex, where she was currently a nurse in an orphanage, always spending her one free day a week with me in London. On this particular day, following lunch, we took a stroll through Kensington, returned home mid-afternoon to take tea, after which we were to visit the early evening performances at a West End theatre. We had discussed several other career possibilities for me to follow up now that my much hoped for appointment had ‘gone down the drain’.

I was preparing tea in the kitchen, when suddenly Margaret called to me, “Donald, come quickly”, causing me to think something awful had happened in my lounge. However, Margaret met me at the doorway to the room saying “look – do you know her?”, and following her pointing hand towards the fireplace I was astonished to see the Spirit form of a girl-friend of mine who – at eighteen years of age – had ‘died’ more than six years previously.

Margaret and I each sat in chairs flanking the fireplace and just gazed in sheer bewilderment at this sudden ‘visitation’ and when we had relaxed ourselves, Sylvia, the Spirit girl-friend, gave me some extremely useful and encouraging information. Firstly, however, Margaret told me, she said, “Donald, my name is Sylvia too, so somehow she must know that my middle name is that – but how could she know?”. I was unable to answer. With remarkable clarity, Sylvia explained to us that she had been listening to our conversation and heard my expressed thoughts of possibly returning to my native Yorkshire – Margaret’s native home also. Sylvia insisted this must not be and that I must not bother about applying for any other positions as I would be working again by the following Monday anyway!

This I found hard to believe, but Sylvia simply told me to not rush immediately to the West End, but to wait until five o’clock for a “very special telephone call”, saying that the company who had turned me down would, instead, be asking me to work for them – and in the West End, not up in the provinces. Sylvia smiled, and then seemed to begin to ‘dissolve’ at

the same time seeming to mumble something which sounded like “Friday, noon...you will know”.

Somewhat cynical, despite the unquestionable likeness of Sylvia in her appearance and the voice just as I remembered it from years before, I suggested we regard it all as some sort of ‘hoax’ and not let it stop us enjoying our teatime snack. At two minutes before five o’clock the telephone rang, the Area Manager with whom I had had so many interviews, explained that the Insurance Company’s Bonding Department had informed him they could not take out a bond on the previously successful candidate for the vacant post. As this bonding was essential – the job entailing the handling of thousands of pounds a day in hard cash – obviously the firm could not employ the man. However, whilst my name was on their shortlist they had already enquired about a bonding for me anyway, and as this had been assured, they wished me to call in the offices to sign a contract the following day, Friday, at twelve noon! I began duties with the company the following Monday, exactly as Sylvia had said.

Now I am still willing to extend patience to the man who suggests this experience could have been of the level of ‘thought transference’ between the Area Manager and myself, or perhaps a matter of unwitting precognition on my own part or Margaret’s. Nevertheless, this does not account for the personalised form the experience took upon itself in the form of Sylvia – whom Margaret had never known in life – and who had never previously come to me through any form of psychic experience at any time since her passing. Over the years, as is quite natural for most people, I found long periods in my life never harbouring a single thought of Sylvia - time dimming the memory shall we say – so it could not have been that I had ‘created’ Sylvia’s ‘thought-forms’ through my own consciousness and neither could Margaret, never having known the other girl, or even seeing a picture of her at any time.

The sceptic must consider too, that Sylvia’s appearance came in a place some two hundred miles from our native Yorkshire, a place indeed, which she had never previously known of or seen. Although a little psychic herself, Margaret had never experienced such striking incidents as this, so it was all the more impressive that Sylvia should appear to Margaret first, while I was out of the room. The ensuing years of research have shown me that often the Spirit people see in advance a difficult turning in our earthly road and will try to find ways of conveying that knowledge which serves to assist us to negotiate it more easily. That is not, however, to state or even assume that it is the *duty* of the Spirit to make our lives easy for us, since we are constantly taught the great importance of developing a true sense of personal responsibility. However, at junctures where a wrong decision could have disastrous results, perhaps affecting the lives of others as well as our own, Spirit will try to intervene by way of voluntary service.

In saying she had been “listening to our conversation”, it appears Sylvia had drawn closely into our personal field of psychic (or auric) emanation and attuned to us both well enough to understand what I was planning as an alternative course following my recent disappointments. Consequently, her timely intervention prevented me from making what could have been a dreadful mistake since the experience gained in the new post was in later years to prove invaluable.

A devout Anglican worshipper, a Sunday school teacher whose religious background inspired and sustained her fully according to her life’s needs, Margaret had very rarely discussed psychic phenomena with me, although she accepted the reality of the Spirit world, learning much of this from her mother, a deeply spiritual person of tremendous faith and trust in the power of overriding goodness of the Great Creator. Herself a teacher, Connie was a great source of inspiration to many people, not only her daughter and husband and her students, and she had over the years many striking psychic experiences.

A few months after the visitation of Sylvia upon Margaret and myself and knowing Connie had been enduring a long period of difficulty and hardship, I seized upon the knowledge that Margaret had a few days spring leave owing to her to suggest that I invite her mother to London and the two of them be my guests, this brief holiday proving a great tonic for Connie.

On the second evening of their visit, all enjoying leisurely after-dinner conversation, we suddenly had another remarkable experience. This time, as I was speaking, Connie suddenly fell back in her armchair saying, “Oh Donald...your eyes, your eyes...”, and with that promptly went into what Margaret and I at first considered to be a faint. Margaret rushed to the kitchen for a glass of water, and I suddenly realised, though I profess not to know how, that Connie did not need the refreshment for she had not fainted, but was in a trance state. I quietly reassured Margaret that all was quite well, there being no need for alarm, and each of us rested Connie’s limp hands in our own.

After a few quiet moments, a voice that was not Connie’s own spoke through her lips very hesitatingly, “Don...ald...I...want...to...speak...to... Don...ald”. Connie’s countenance was completely peaceful, she seemed almost to exude a great ‘light’ all around her and a sense of stillness pervaded the room such as I had never known before. There was little timbre to the voice and so I could not at all recognise it, but, after a long pause, it came back *at the same time as which* Connie’s face changed completely. Alone with Connie, I might have thought I was imagining things, but Margaret expressed utter astonishment at what we both saw – the face of a very old lady, having much more delicate features than Connie – a face which somehow I felt I should know but could not put a name to. Then it was almost as if Connie’s whole body seemed to be shrinking into a much

smaller frame and here one definitely wondered if one was experiencing some form of optical illusion, despite the fact that Margaret again was the one to openly comment upon what was happening.

Now the voice returned and spoke concerning my current professional position and also of some personal family matters of which neither Connie nor Margaret had any prior knowledge. It was odd that whole sentences were completely effortless, all spoken with great clarity, and yet the 'entity' had not given me a name, seeming to presume that I had recognised her. She spoke of my grandfather who, though not at all ill, was simply a little less sprightly than usual, now being eighty-seven years of age, and for whom the whole family were a little concerned as he refused to give up his home, where he lived alone, and stay with any part of the family.

After one long pause, however, our 'friend' must have realised I still did not know with whom exactly I was having this 'conversation', for she seemed to be making a supreme effort as she said, "but Donald...it's Emmie...Auntie Emmie...you know me", to which I was then able to reply affirmatively. The whole thing suddenly fell into place then. Emmie was an extremely petite little lady, the spinster aunt of my brother-in-law but with whom I had had no more than half a dozen meetings many years previously. As a small boy, I had indeed been fond of this very gentle soul who was always extremely gracious and kind to me when we did meet.

However, she had been 'dead' many years and I had hardly ever given thought to her. Now, the 'transfiguration', as well as the cultured tones in which she spoke, were exactly true of the true English gentlewoman I remembered, now even graciously apologising for what she hoped we would not consider a "rude intrusion of our privacy"! Emmie explained, at one point, that she had been attempting to draw close to us to give me some reassurances on various matters, not least concerning my beloved grandfather to whom I was extremely close, when in experiencing a little difficulty she had seemed, "to be suddenly pushed through", much to her indignation and embarrassment. The most extraordinary thing was that Emmie had somehow even managed to 'cover' Connie's very plain wool costume with what looked like a pastel-coloured floral frock of the type she had been so fond of in earthly life! Over the years, I came to realise that what had perhaps happened to Emmie in her initial moment of difficulty in trying to make contact, was that a Spirit guide or teacher had been assisting her while I was conversing with Connie and Margaret and then when, at a particular moment the two ladies focused all their attentions upon me, a psychic vacuum was built between us which brought Emmie in with great force, hence Connie's psychic sensitivity being suddenly 'swamped', giving the impression of having a fainting attack.

The unexpected visitor continued with her message, assuring me that my grandfather would not have any earthly sufferings, but that he was going into

a gentle decline and the Spirit world was prepared to welcome him, “in a few months time”, when he would simply sleep away. Saying, “all would be of sweet peace and blessedness”, Aunt Emmie withdrew. It was some little time before Connie ‘came round’ or regained a normal conscious state, and Margaret and I agreed not to say anything unless her mother did so. Fully conscious again, Connie simply apologised for, “having suddenly fallen asleep during our conversation”, and added that all she could remember was being riveted to the expression in my eyes as I had been speaking. “Then it was as if they suddenly became two great blue shining orbs, dazzling and yet almost hypnotic, and that was all I could relate to”, she told us.

The following two days passed most pleasantly and it was not until Sunday evening that Connie said, “you know I keep thinking back to Friday night and I get a strange inner feeling which tells me I was not really asleep at all. I want you both to be totally honest with me – did anything strange happen when I had that seeming sleep?” We explained what had taken place, and then Connie related a couple of similar incidents of previous years, adding that she knew she could be a fine medium but she simply felt happier to keep to her own work and worship, although she realised she could never fully throw off her natural psychic sensitivity.

It is important here to remember that I had only met Emmie a few times in my boyhood, and she had met my grandfather perhaps twice at the most. Obviously, she had never been to my London home, as I did not take up residence in London until years after her passing. Being a strict orthodox worshipper, we can understand that perhaps she would take a considerable time before being able to accept the idea of communication with the earthly world as of true spiritual value, and indeed ‘properness’. Recognising that on taking the transition, the soul consciousness takes with it all the ideas and feelings with which it had embraced the earthly life, the medium often finds a communicator experiencing some difficulty in releasing or modifying those long-held ideas and feelings. Some Spirit people may indeed at first doubt the possibility of communication with their earthly friends, consequently experiencing some dis-ease, perhaps a kind of nervousness, when finally opening the consciousness sufficiently to at least try and make a penetration of the ‘veil’.

Aunt Emmie had certainly given us all plenty of food for further thought on these matters, at the same time giving reassurance concerning a treasured relative coming towards the end of his earthly road, and also strengthening immeasurably one’s convictions of the value of the power of prayer.

## II

Electing not to speak of my interest in psychic matters unless pressed, I may have unwittingly sometimes made it harder for the Spirit to make their way through when and where there has been particular need. This thought is prompted by recall of the following instance. Expecting a supper guest one evening, I was asked via a last-minute telephone call if I would mind her bringing along a friend, a younger lady, but when the pair arrived I was somewhat surprised to find three ladies on my doorstep instead of the expected two! However, I quickly realised, of course, that one was a ‘visitor from the Other World’ and not of this one.

My two physical guests seated themselves each end of a long settee and I took my usual armchair, as we agreed to have a sherry apiece and a talk before supper. The stranger to me placed her handbag by the side of her feet, her gloves and neck scarf, a greyish coloured chiffon, on the arm of the settee and from the moment the articles were placed there I developed what became an overwhelming urge to pick up the scarf.

The ‘third’ visitor took the form of a much older Spirit lady who stood patiently by the settee, close in proximity to my new acquaintance, and it was almost as if the Spirit lady was ‘offering’ the scarf to me but I could not then understand why. Trying my best to conduct a perfectly normal, everyday kind of conversation at the same time as being distracted by the psychic elements was something of an endurance test, and finally I could no longer resist the temptation to ask my new friend if I might just look more closely at her scarf. The young lady probably thought at first I was a rather ‘strange’ young man, wanting to examine a perfectly ordinary square of chiffon!

Although not finding the article at all attractive, I nevertheless feigned a little admiration for it and then simply commented that it gave me “the feeling that this was a present, a gift, from someone now out of this physical world”, whereupon the young lady paled, as she admitted it was a gift from her now deceased grandmother.

Within moments a whole series of pictures began flashing across the ‘screen of the mind’ – the area of the third eye – and as I described these scenes the young lady became increasingly amazed at the accuracy with which they depicted many of her life’s experiences and things appertaining to her family. The Spirit grandmother correctly gave her own name, and then showed me a very vivid scene which I took to be that of her earthly home’s drawing-room. Later, the young lady confirmed that her grandmother was indeed much associated with the theatre, as I had correctly felt, and added that the ‘drawing-room’ I described was the stage set of the last play in which her grandmother appeared in London’s West End, only a few months ago, shortly before the old lady’s passing. Her grandmother had

been a well-known British character-actress who wanted so much to help her granddaughter with her own theatrical career which, at the time, was much in the doldrums. Apart from this, it also transpired that the young lady was in a very serious emotional situation and her grandmother gave some remarkably detailed knowledge of recent developments concerning this, and followed up with some sound advice on how to alleviate the many other problems this situation was creating.

The young lady was so bright and pleasant on the surface, one assumed she must have the makings of a very fine actress, since nothing in her demeanour indicated anything of the worries and anxieties with which she was currently beset. It is sad to relate that although then assuring us she would follow the advice, the young actress instead ignored it, and later that year was submerged in even greater problems, by which time it was infinitely more difficult to get her sorted out.

One may well ask why she did not heed the advice in the beginning and the reason she gave me eventually was that, discussing our shared experience with a friend, she was reminded by the friend that her Roman Catholicism denounced everything connected with psychic and mediumistic practice and therefore she must pay it no more attention! While respecting that Faith to some extent, one cannot but deplore the fact that of itself it gave this young lady nothing greater with which to extricate herself from the many difficulties around her, or with which to prevent additional ones creeping in.

Now we must naturally consider here that as it was a comparatively short time – about four months – since the much-loved grandmother's passing, the young actress may well have been constantly preoccupied with memories of her, building up such a strong picture of her grandmother in her mind, that this resulted in the building of a lifelike 'thought form' as soon as the young actress came within a natural psychic's orbit. Also, the many problems in her mind could easily be picked up by thought-transference by a psychic although, of oneself, I would not dare to claim I could have weighed these problems carefully in my own mind – and within a matter of minutes – and come up with the correct solutions to them. We had not been speaking of psychic things before this 'spontaneous sitting' took place, and of course the form of the Spirit grandmother had appeared at my front door accompanying my two visitors so that I certainly could not have created such a 'thought-form' (if that's what it was) of myself.

After the session, however, the young lady expressed an aversion to mediums, not on religious grounds – which were not then mentioned – but solely on the scant knowledge she had of the subject from friends who had in any case been more concerned with visiting fortune-tellers! This attitude would certainly have created a barrier to the Spirit People, hence her grandmother's need to try and keep close, ready to break-in as soon as her

young relative entered a relaxed atmosphere where there was sufficient understanding of the Spirit for her ‘appearance’ to prove valid and purposeful. There must be legions of Spirit People waiting the right opportunity to make spontaneous entries into our sphere of consciousness because they know Loved Ones, they would like to make contact with, will never approach a medium, or attend a Spiritualistic meeting.

One of the greater joys of working with the Spirit People is to find that no kind of man-made barrier, or race, class, creed, or even attitude of mind and being, is allowed to prevent them making every attempt at contact where there is a spiritual need to be met, and this in itself teaches all of us on the earth plane an impressive lesson.

The owner of the property in which my flat was situated some years ago was a highly educated and cultured elderly lady who was considerably interested in these matters, having long since been convinced she had had fine evidence of her husband’s Survival. I was visiting with her one evening when an old friend of hers called unexpectedly, but my hostess insisted I stay with them both a while longer. Of considerable financial substance – but a total lack of grace – the visitor, a lady of around eighty and very active and sharp in every faculty, began to complain about the harshness of life and almost everybody in it, being at a stage where she was having no luck in finding a new environment in which to settle herself.

As she was speaking – more or less ignoring me because, I gathered she had precious little time for younger people – I saw the Spirit form of a gentleman build up very clearly behind her but, oddly enough, he seemed to be showing me some crumpled up newspaper which, when he opened it out, contained what appeared to be a collection of superb jewellery.

He communicated to me via the clairaudient faculty that his name was James – or rather Jim – and then distinctly said: “there are two of us here – two Jims – and neither of us can get through to her – she just will not listen”.

Because I was so obviously being ignored my hostess, clearly embarrassed, tried to change the tone of conversation by saying: “You know dear, Bertha is also aware like we are but she chooses only to listen to the Spirit People when she likes – and then only if they tell her what she wants to hear, don’t you Bertha?” My hostess smiled, and Bertha frowned, but at least this had ‘opened the door’ for the Spirit People and me to try and get through to Bertha.

I asked her to be patient a few moments, describing what I was seeing and making particular comment upon one ring – a large emerald surrounded by exquisite diamonds – which ‘Jim’ seemed especially keen for me to mention.

Bertha agreed that she recognised this, and all the other jewellery I was ‘shown’ but did not seem too interested until I said, “he is saying “For

Heaven's sake don't give any more money – the five hundred has gone and you'll never get that back, but for God's sake don't give any more”.

Suddenly Bertha was alert at the mention of money. On her fingers and wrists were rings and bracelets which must have been worth a small fortune, although none of these were like the jewellery I had ‘seen’ wrapped up in newspaper and there was something incongruous about her appearance in a beautiful fur coat, slopping stockings, down-at-heel shoes and a badly-cracked old leather handbag and two paper shopping-carriers! “Ask if he can tell you more about that money” Bertha demanded, but of course I could only relay that which Jim chose to give me.

He was clearly annoyed with her stupidity over certain business matters, reminding her that years before he had begged her to look at life and people differently, to alter many of her attitudes, if she wanted to find peace and contentment in old age. This did not please her, but she admitted Jim was right when he spoke of two occasions within the last year when she had spent considerable sums of money trying to bribe people to favour her with assistance in seeking a new home, and both times the money might as well have been stuck down the drains.

He referred to an occasion of two years previously when, through a medium, the Spirit had given her advice about where to look for the much desired new home and she had deliberately discarded the advice because she considered the particular part of the coast suggested to be much too expensive!

“Jim had been her second husband it transpired, but her first was also of the same name and together they had tried several times to make contact and get Bertha to be more reasonable about things, but her tremendous stubbornness more often than not caused them distress and they were almost at a loss to know what to do about it.

Jim, in commenting upon her stubbornness, flashed a picture into my mind of a huge hall with a very grand circular staircase and large chandeliers above it. Then, somehow, he seemed to be re-enacting a significant scene for me, showing me an image of himself appearing prostrate on this staircase, and then indicating that as one looked through the enormous doorway beyond one could see the ocean. When I mentioned this, Bertha confirmed that this was a hotel they had last stayed in together at Cannes, where Jim had collapsed and died on that very staircase. I could not then understand why he had insisted I ask Bertha to remember the scene – more usually one would have expected him to hope that his widow would forget such a tragic scene – but much later I was able to understand perfectly, as we shall see.

Jim commented that “even that had not changed her”, and until she began to release this stubbornness there was nothing anyone could do to help her. Bertha suddenly became very irritable and impatient, though almost

demanding that something be done to help her now, saying it was “no good raking up the past”. Jim then showed me some keys on a large disc-ring, saying “these were the cause of impatience and there is no use being impatient now”. At this, Bertha suddenly broke down and sobbed.

Thereafter the whole tone of the ‘sitting’ changed, and she was given certain guidance, but all the way insistence was upon her employing the utmost patience and trust and not doing anything wilful to try and force issues.

By the time she left, Bertha was considerably more pleasant and relaxed, and assured us she would try and alter her ways a little more. However, before going she decided to give me one further confirmation of the validity of what her husband had first ‘shown’ to me and, opening up one of the paper carrier-bags, to my utter amazement, produced several pieces of crumpled newspaper from each of which she took many items of jewellery identical to the ones I had already ‘seen’.

Bertha had a peculiar notion that if she was attacked in the street her assailants might take what she called her “lesser treasures” from her fingers and wrists, and would not therefore consider that carriers full of old newspaper contained anything worth having! I was bewildered when she declared a distrust of banks that would hold the jewellery safely for her, insisting she would rather “know for sure where it was all the time”!

After Bertha’s departure, my hostess explained that Jim’s death had in a sense been caused by Bertha’s stubbornness and dogmatic self-righteousness, for, as they were about to leave the hotel in Cannes to fly home to England, Bertha insisted she had left the keys to their suite and made her husband hurry back to get them, so that they could be left at the reception desk. Jim had been sure he had seen Bertha pick them up, but she had argued this was not so – all this of her own later confession, saying that the heated argument on the stairs had created quite a scene. Because their cab was waiting to take them to the airport Jim had rushed back to the suite, then realised he could not get in, rushed back to Bertha, but collapsed and died on the stairs from a heart attack! Now I understood the ‘scene’ he had shown and the ‘keys’ responsible for creating it, these Bertha finding in her own coat pocket where Jim had already insisted she had put them.

Although Bertha had made the ‘sitting’ something like a competition, a battle of wits, her husband nevertheless managed to communicate many detailed pieces of information in what she said was undoubtedly his own style of expression.

In the following months – by which time I left London to live in the North of England – Bertha broke her promise to Jim, and went headlong into wasting more money on worthless ventures built on false promises of complete strangers who obviously preyed on her expressed desperation to find a new home. It was odd that this old harridan who mistrusted her own

bank manager, her own solicitor, her own friends (of both worlds) should so readily trust complete strangers and this caused her greater pain every time she gave way to their plausible advances.

Eventually I began to receive most lengthy letters from Bertha, pleading that I either make room for her in my home so that “I can help you to help others with your mediumship, rather than you going on working for your living” or, that I return south and choose some large house for her to buy wherein I could start some kind of elderly person’s home! For over a year I kept on asking Bertha to follow what had apparently been her husband’s initial line of advice – before I had entered the scene – and go to that part of the coast which she had originally refused even to consider. Finally, all possible alternatives having turned sour on her, Bertha gave in and through a chain reaction of contacts made through friends and friends of friends, Bertha finally settled quite happily there. Perhaps, methinks, the Spirit People were even more relieved than Bertha herself!

Here is the classic example of one refusing point-blank to acknowledge any force in this world having ideas more worthwhile than their own, even in spite of a chain of mistakes for which they have to admit they alone are responsible. Yet the Spirit will never *force* their ideas, far less their will, upon us, but simply suggest, propose, and trust us to cooperate in the ways they see best for our eventually overcoming of particular obstacles which no man-made ideas seem capable of surmounting.

This case is also a fine example of the patience of the Spirit who do not turn to face the other way, simply because we have previously done likewise. Frequently, in the course of such experience, one notices how the Spirit People will point out alternative courses for us to follow, often saying they can and are able to help us more along one course than the other, but leaving the actual decision entirely to us, this coming within the realm of our freewill which it would be totally wrong for the Spirit to try to destroy. Also there are occasions when they will be aware of a specific plan, or aim, we have in mind and will appear to agree with our carrying through, making little or no comment upon it, for they see it will not meet with success or happiness. This is part of the very subtle wisdom of the Spirit whereby they know, in certain instances, we shall learn far more by undergoing the disappointing experience than we would by being guided away from it. To a point, it may seem as if they sometimes almost encourage us towards such a goal as we have selected for there is no other way they know of whereby we can learn and fully appreciate some particular salutary lesson.

### III

Not altogether dissimilar to the foregoing is an instance whereby, at a large dinner party to celebrate a silver-wedding in Croydon some years ago, I was rather arrested by the presence of an elderly Spirit lady standing behind a young woman seated across and down the table from myself.

In such a light-hearted atmosphere I was obviously not going to start talking about psychic matters voluntarily, and so tried to dismiss from my mind any concern regarding the Spirit lady or my fellow guest.

The atmosphere became rather too warm for me and, as I had been unwell in the previous few days, I asked if I might retire to a small study to sit quietly for a few minutes after dinner, to which my hosts readily agreed. A few minutes later, I was surprisingly joined in the study by the young lady to whom the Spirit was obviously attached, and we sat quietly for some time before I realised that the Spirit lady was building up again and strongly indicating that I must speak on her behalf to my fellow guest. For a little while I concentrated on building up a rapport with the Spirit lady both through the clairaudient and clairvoyant faculties and then, feeling I had enough worthwhile information with which to make a good impact, I quite casually asked the young lady if she knew of a lady – now out of the physical world – of a certain description and who I felt to be her mother's mother. This was readily confirmed and so, of course, one was able to proceed with other information I had gleaned.

The old lady gave many identifying points before going on to comment upon a highly complicated pattern of troubles in the young lady's life, touching upon her own emotions, her home and her husband, and involving a third person, another young woman. The Spirit lady gave the correct names of all concerned and expressed her deep distress at the situation she had seen developing over many months. It appeared that the couple had taken in as a lodger a young woman who had been a comparative stranger, the three having met only once previously. The young wife had developed an unusual, and fast becoming obsessive, affection for the newcomer to the home and finally had to explain this to her husband who had been quite remarkably patient and willing to give every possible kind of human understanding.

The situation had, inevitably, got rather out of hand to the point where the husband was being regarded as a nuisance in his own home, and yet his wife insisted she still loved him very deeply and did not want to lose him. Although a pathetic situation, especially as she pleaded with me: "But cannot the Spirit of my grandmother somehow make my husband agree to letting our friend stay with us?"

An ultimatum had apparently been given that the lodger must move on by a certain date, and this the young wife was reluctant to accept. However,

the Spirit grandmother referred to the young wife having a great emotional shock with the passing of a close friend just less than a year before and shortly after which the 'lodger' had appeared on the scene for the first time.

It transpired that the lodger bore a striking resemblance to the friend who had 'died', but was of stronger personality, and in her sense of loss the young wife had somehow come under the influence of this personality so much, as to fear the loss of the friendship which, she felt, would deepen her sense of grief over losing the first friend, although in that latter instance there had certainly been no unusual affectional attachment.

The young woman became extremely difficult to reason with, and all the more a pity because her husband – also my fellow guest that night – seemed such a fine man in every way and one who very clearly was totally devoted to his wife and home. Although her grandmother tried every way to reason with the young woman, pointing out the need to re-assess the great assets of her marriage as opposed to the comparative worthlessness of her strange association with the other female, I somehow felt intuitively the young woman would not attempt to discipline herself but would persist in having her way about things. Many months later, my hosts of that evening told me that their young friend had quite a history of exerting a wilfulness which totally belied her surface image of a quiet, almost introverted immature woman, and once more she had given way to this, leaving her husband to go and live elsewhere with her friend, only to eventually have a complete breakdown.

Sometime after this, much to my amazement, the young husband contacted me to tell me his wife had told him of the experience she and I had shared in that study so long before. He wanted a little advice concerning the possibility of taking his wife back now and was assured that every help would be given through prayer, and that the Spirit would try gently to influence her mind with new thought and attitude that would eventually bring a complete balance back to the marriage, and this eventually came to pass.

We may here consider that possibly this was the best form of experience for the young woman to have in order to finally break away from the unfortunate attachment to her friend. However, this also shows the extent to which we are totally unaware of the distress we can create for those Loved Ones of Spirit when acting out our own fantasies and selfish desires of one kind and another, bringing in their wake distress also to others of the earthly world about us. Here, obviously, the Spirit had great concern for the young husband also, but may not have had were he a very different type who might have acted in ways to actually drive his wife away from him. It must be stated that this young woman was definitely not usually of the lesbian tendency, so the Spirit were able to see clearly there *was* every chance for her marriage to be re-poised in a healthy, normal way.

Perhaps it should be added here that, within my experience, I have never known the Spirit condemn either the lesbian or the homosexual since it is not their business to do so. They realise that if a tendency is perfectly natural to a certain individual the important part is how he handles that tendency – whether or not he or she seeks to seriously impair other people’s happiness and peace through it, or whether the choice is simply to cope with it as best one knows how, trying not to inflict pain or distress on others who are not similarly of natural inclination in line with his or her own. This brings us back to personal responsibility with which the Spirit World will never interfere.

This prompts recollection of an evening many years ago when, talking with a young couple in my home who had received some valuable guidance through mediumship, I was continually being distracted by the presence of a young man in his early twenties, pacing the room, so to speak, and appearing to be very distressed because he could not make some point to bring recognition of his needs.

Eventually, I mentioned the presence to my friends, although somehow feeling sure the young man was basically nothing to do with them. Relating what little information I could ‘pick up’ from him apart from giving his physical description, I was left with no alternative but to suggest they keep this information in their minds awhile in case they came into contact with anyone who might speak of a deceased friend by the name of Eddy, who had committed suicide at the age of twenty-four, and whose home was in B..... (the town from which my guests came).

Some weeks later, they telephoned and told me of meeting some people who had ‘lost’ a son of Eddy’s description a year previously and they had suggested these people get in touch with me. Time passed and eventually I had forgotten all about these two incidents when a gentleman came to me for an appointment which had been booked in advance and, as it turned out, under an assumed name.

It was not usual, at that time, for me to ‘work’ simply by relating a lot of information to a person simply through the agency of an Intelligence that I had been accustomed to calling my ‘Guide’. However, the man noted all the information, the first part of it being concerned to give details of those in Spirit connected with him personally, and referring to “two young men in Spirit who had been very close friends on earth and passed within a very short time of each other”.

No names were given here, or details, the Guide simply explaining that *he* was aware of these Spirit People but wanted mainly to get across to the sitter some special lines of understanding. Speaking of the somewhat weak line of communication between the man and his family, the Guide surprised me by clearly indicating the folly of this man to exercise tolerance where he did not have firm grounds of understanding of the habits and ways of people

around him. The man seemed irritated, but nevertheless quietly went on making his notes as the Guide stressed that because one could not understand another's personality traits, one was not automatically justified in refusing another understanding and compassion.

The man left and I somehow 'sensed' that he was not too satisfied with the session, although I had done nothing more than relate honestly what I received without any kind of embellishment.

A couple of weeks later a lady telephoned and asked rather nervously if, although her husband had recently been to me, she too could have a sitting and obviously this was agreed.

That morning I had an almost constant awareness of the presence of the young man Eddy, whom I had seen such a long time before, and he insisted that it was his mother who was coming to me that evening. In the event, I was pleased to know with sure conviction within myself, that the lady and I had an exceptionally fine 'sitting' for Eddy poured forth information that more than amply identified him, and then spoke of his friend Allan who had, it seems, 'died' a few months before him.

I shall never forget the joy in that mother's face as her son explained so gently and lovingly what led him to take his life, how deeply saddened he had been that he and his father could never communicate too well in the home, and how he had thanked God for the understanding his mother had tried to give where his father had totally refused to even try and understand him.

He concluded by saying that he had been given an awareness of his father's current business problems, which were indeed very serious, and because he wanted to show he held no bitterness, he wished to help his father now but "when he came here I was not ready to speak with him before I could get through to you – he should have let you come with him and I was upset because he refused as we had worked hard from this side to make you aware that such things as this could happen".

Briefly, the mother explained afterwards that the gentleman sitter of two weeks previously was her husband, Eddy's father, and he had considered it wrong for her to come for a sitting and so she had to wait until he was away for a few days in order to book one for herself. They had first heard of me only because at her insistence, and again only after a struggle against her husband's stubbornness, they had attended a church social at which they had met the young couple who had passed on my telephone number and address – the young couple to whom Eddy had first made his presence known.

It was very telling that Eddy had pleaded with his mother to believe that there was "nothing dirty between me and Allan – we just loved each other very much", and this she accepted, but adding that her husband had strongly disapproved of the two young men's close friendship, at one point making it clear he had considered it most unsavoury and was therefore not prepared to

accept his son's friend into his home. From one's psychic sensing of Eddy's personality, I could tell that he had a great sensitivity, was a young man of great thoughtfulness for others, and the type to put any relationship on its highest possible plane, rather than live out his life purely through the more earthy, animalistic pursuits, and so I felt deeply for his mother now bereft of his physical presence. After his friend was killed in a car crash, Eddy had gone to live with his parents again, but his father forbade any mention of the now deceased friend and kept on insisting that Eddy find himself a wife and "make a man of himself". Finally, the young man had broken under the strain of this constant resentment of his presence "just as he was" and left home to try life on his own, the resultant depressions finally breaking him altogether.

About three months later this couple came to me together, the mother quite openly declaring at the start that one point of 'advice' Eddy had asked her to pass on to his father had been ignored with the result that another aspect of his business had gone wrong. Now they wanted guidance on how to try and put things right and, good to his word, Eddy made the contact, giving information on matters of which only the father had any knowledge and which, when followed through, proved helpful. Over a year passed before I heard from the couple again and I was struck by the remarkable difference in this man's attitudes to my work.

Apparently all they had received from Eddy via myself, and two other mediums since, had been invaluable and now they were not only relieved of their pressing problems, but had found a new at-one-ment between themselves too.

To me it was obvious what Eddy meant in referring to the "hard work of the Spirit in trying to get through", since clearly he had been helped by the Guides to make **some** point of contact – through myself and my two guests of the time – in order to lead through to the link with his people. This achieved, the father's narrow mind had again got in the way, deciding what was or was not right for his wife irrespective of her own feelings, and consequently Eddy was not so ready to give in to the father's dogmatic way of handling things which is why the Guide, then, took the father to task a little at the first sitting.

All this well bears out the constant appeal of the Spirit to us all never to refuse understanding to any fellow being, simply because their proclivities are not the same as our own; remembering always that we, too, may have many facets of personality which makes us difficult to understand and which may some day require the special understanding of the Unseen World even more than that in which we currently exist.

In the foregoing we see not one, but several purposes for the spontaneous intervention of the Spirit, eventually bringing not only practical help, but

new comfort and strength and inspiration to those on the earth as well as those concerned of the Spirit World.

Who is to say that Eddy's way of life was wrong when none of us knows the every innermost part of that personality, the dictates of the emotions (which for all of us can be hard to understand even in ourselves), or who can know for sure the extent to which Eddy's years of heart-searching and distress would have been alleviated with a different attitude on behalf of his father? Or, for that matter, to what extent was it that harsh attitude that unnerved his already sensitive son, making him even more dependent upon another male relationship, rather than that of a female which could have been as difficult for him to relate to as it was with his gentle and somewhat repressed mother? Whatever our conclusions, those of the Spirit would almost certainly be much wiser and more compassionate.

## IV

Some years ago, a friend, John a fine radiologist, had recently moved to share a newly-built home in south London with an old friend from his student days and I was invited to dinner with John, to look over his new abode.

After dinner John asked my indulgence for half an hour as he wished to see a particular television programme of special interest to him because it dealt with research into cancer. We sat quietly and then as the programme ended John made coffee, bringing this to a long, low table by the hearth, in between our two chairs. I was sitting at a right-angle to the open-plan staircase which flanked the wall behind John and as he had been pouring coffee I had been fascinated to see the form of a Spirit gentleman built up, holding the banister, near the foot of the staircase.

The actual owner of the house was currently away on holiday and John casually mentioned that although new houses were usually a little cold and impersonal in the first months of habitation, he always felt warm, and never alone in this one. I smiled and casually said “Well, of course, you’re not”, which, not unnaturally, caused John to ask what I really meant.

Describing the Spirit Form watching us from the staircase and giving what turned out to be the gentleman’s correct name and relationship to John, lead into the outpouring of a wealth of information from our Spirit Friend, touching upon family matters but more importantly at that time, upon John’s career.

After a while the Spirit grandfather, to whom John had been very close many years ago – as the old man died when John was just a youth – brought alongside him another Friend, this time a youth who gave his name as Terry. I described the boy and at first John could not relate to this. Terry was a Cockney and had a cheeky humour, but it took him some time to make John realise exactly who he was. Indicating that he had died from cancer, and putting a hand up over his right eye and that side of his nose, the boy thanked John for the attention he had given him in hospital and – somewhat to John’s embarrassment – thanked John for the prayers which had so helped him. Then John recognised at once who the boy was.

The youngster had been hit in the eye with a cricket ball some four years previously and after a time cancer developed behind the eye and then spread down the right side of his face. John had dealt with the boy and soon remembered the two instances of which Terry reminded him when treatment had been given by other radiologists and Terry had created ‘a bit of a scene’ so that in future he could be assured of taking treatment only from John.

He was a fascinating character and insisted that in the best ways he could find he would do whatever he could from the Other Side to be as helpful to John as John had been to him, adding a heartfelt appeal for John to continue

with this particular work, no matter what happened along life's road. This was rather telling, since John later told me he had been seriously considering turning to some other career.

John told me that, although he was not a very religious person in the years we had known one another, he really had prayed for this boy's soul when the earthly end came. "Terry suffered horribly and I knew damned fine there was nothing I could ever do to really save him", John told me sadly. "I really grew to love that cheeky kid like he might be my younger brother because despite the agonies he endured he was always so cheerful he made me feel ashamed of the hundreds of times I've moaned about life and about problems that were nothing to his".

Simply an incident of a young soul wanting to acknowledge that he had deeply appreciated what help John had tried his best to give, and saying, in effect, "I'm happy to continue our friendship anyway". This fleeting visitation would seem on the surface to be of little value to many people, but it moved John very deeply although he was normally a somewhat unemotional type of person. Days later, on the telephone, he remarked that it had stirred him to a new sense of dedication in the work which he had been considering leaving.

The Spirit grandfather, however, a humorous old gentleman of fine principles and broad outlook, also spoke to John of changes in his work pattern, saying that within two years two years he would be in a totally different environment where he would feel much better about things than he did in London. Just how the grandfather managed to see two years ahead I cannot say, but he was, in the event, proved to be absolutely correct.

Nevertheless, towards the end of the spontaneous 'sitting' the grandfather wryly commented that he knew some of his words would go unheeded anyway, that John would still try and please himself by getting out of his chosen profession – but after a few sharp lessons he would be glad enough to return to it in the end!

John had already agreed when I had said earlier that his grandfather had been a man of great interest in young people – not only those within the family, and therefore it was understandable that this gentleman had been the one to bring in young Terry who, just as we realised grandfather was withdrawing, quickly reappeared and laughingly commented in his broad cockney accent, "I meant to tell yer – it wor' a lot o' fuss just over a cricket ball weren't it mate? Ah well, that's life ain't it? Cor ...*what* a life..." and, with that, was gone!

Both of these figures had appeared in the most lifelike way possible – each building their form to look exactly like two physical presences across the room, the most animated facial expressions adding to the points they were trying to verbally emphasise.

The ensuing months saw many internal changes at the hospital where John worked and he was becoming increasingly unhappy about this. Eventually, having been somewhat silent for about four months, he telephoned to tell me he had changed his job, now to work in an administrative capacity at a school in North London. He had left the house and taken a small apartment near to his new work and as the place was rather shabby this depressed him. Weeks passed before I heard from him again, by which time he was drinking rather heavily and already in the process of changing his work again.

The months passed by and I was working erratic hours so it was not easy to make contact with John and then one evening he suddenly telephoned to say he was in the West End so I invited him over for coffee. After a while I again became aware of the Spirit People around him and they insisted he should go north to work, and return to his radiology in the process, but this seemed the last thing he wished to do. The Spirit mentioned two particular cities in the north, quite close together, insisting that this would be where he would finally arrive, living in the one place and working in the other, the environs being generally much more pleasant for him.

John declared that if he returned to hospital work at all it would only be if he could get into one where he at least already knew some of the staff, but he was quite prepared for this to be outside of London.

Within weeks he was telling me he had heard from a friend, a departmental head in a hospital in Wales, asking if John would be interested in moving up there to work for him as he badly needed some really first-class radiologists on his staff. John replies quite enthusiastically, realising that nothing else he had tried brought any satisfaction, and within a month he was up in Wales for an interview. Following this, it seemed, he must be interviewed again by the Hospital Board, and they would decide either way about his candidature for one of their vacancies. We met shortly after the first interview, and the Spirit insisted that although he would be offered the job he would not be going through with it "because of circumstances beyond his control or the control of his friend who had suggested it".

This friend and his wife, John loved dearly, and so they were the greater inspiration to him in following through this application. However, when John received a letter confirming the appointment, and a suggested date to commence duties, he was horrified to receive a second letter by the same post, his friend saying that he had suddenly been promoted and he would be leaving within two months to take a higher post with a hospital in Manchester!

For some time after this John remained disenchanted, having decided not to take the Welsh post after all, but somehow I felt impressed to keep reminding him of what his grandfather had said about the north. Finally John agreed that if anything happened to show him he was really 'being led'

then he would follow through with it. With quite astonishing rapidity, he heard from the friend about to leave Wales, that there was a senior radiologist post becoming vacant in the Yorkshire town where John had been ‘told’ he would finally go to work; John wrote off to enquire about this, he had an interview and was given the job!

At first taking temporary lodgings in the town, a place he did not care for very much, John heard through one of his new colleagues of a pleasant apartment soon to be vacated by a friend of hers in the other town fourteen miles away, and there John finally settled himself. For at least five years after this John was always saying how much better he felt living in the north, how much more he enjoyed both his working and domestic environments there, and how grateful he would always be for the Spirit guidance. To the best of my knowledge, he is still there.

In both instances of John’s initially receiving Spirit guidance this had come quite spontaneously but much later on, I learned that his mother, in Scotland, had visited three mediums and in each instance had received what she considered good evidence of Loved Ones making contact, some of them, who had passed after much suffering through cancerous conditions, begging her to encourage John at all costs to keep on with his work to relieve similar sufferings in others as much as he possibly could. By a strange quirk of fate, some four years ago, one of his patients, who he helped tremendously, was the writer’s own mother, and to this day she speaks with affection of the great care and concern he accorded her.

The Spirit had often spoken with John of new techniques being developed in his field of work and it is most impressive that those who had suffered most through cancer were the ones to be constantly encouraging him to carry on – not to give up as if he was simply fighting a losing battle. This gives us the answer for those who would say “I cannot see why those who have suffered would ever want to try and make contact with this world of their sufferings again”. It is true that many Spirit People will declare that they would not themselves ever wish to return to the physical world, even if they could, but usually this is said with regard to not wanting to experience the same hardships and sufferings again themselves. It does NOT imply for one moment a disinterest in the physical world or in those still trying in countless ways to relieve any and all forms of suffering for fellow human beings.

Some people find it very hard to realise that when we take our Transition we gradually shed all sense of whatever earthly pains and handicaps we may have had and these are only usually referred to by the Spirit People when trying to give as much identifying data as they can remember in order to convince a Loved One it is them and them alone communicating.

Under great stress, all of us become more acutely sensitised to the point every small aspect of life takes on greater meaning than it really merits,

perhaps often leading us to a distortion in our sense of proportions. Conversely, the senses in some become dimmed, or blunted, thereby restricting one's appreciation of experiences other than in a negative frame of mind, although on its own the particular experience may not be at all negative in nature. Not unnaturally, in times of extreme suffering and harrowing ordeals most humans become self-absorbed, whereby we fall into a pit of bewilderment, despondency, helplessness at least for a time. If, however, we can overcome this negative state of breeding resentment and frustration we are on the road to building a new sense of balance emotionally, mentally and spiritually with which to reset our attitudes in order that we face difficulties with a sense of healthy challenge rather than unhealthy aggressiveness.

In each of the examples given in the chapter, we witness the extent to which Spirit People go in order to guide us onto that finer level of harmony within the self as opposed to the disharmony and imbalance which usually takes over in face of personal difficulty.

Finally, one recalls being in a public lounge-bar – a very rare event for the writer – when, relaxing with a couple of friends, I saw unmistakably the form of my own Healing Guide build up alongside a man propped at the bar, standing with his back to our table across the room.

The Guide was insistent that we somehow speak with the fellow customer, but of course I was reluctant to open up on such issues as Spirit manifestation in a public bar of all places. After a while one of my associates went to order fresh drinks, standing alongside the man my Guide had caused me to notice. I was pleasantly surprised when my friend addressed the other man and a few minutes later I learned that they were reasonably well acquainted. I was strongly impressed – as if by mental telepathy between the Guide and myself – that the man at the bar was in need of urgent medical attention for his stomach and when I asked my friend if he knew the man well enough to know anything about his health I received a negative reply. However, he readily went and invited the man to join our little group and, when he had been sitting next to me for a moment, I asked the man the all-important question.

“My God” he exclaimed, “You must have been somehow made to remind me – I’ve got an appointment for hospital X-rays coming up sometime around now and I had forgotten all about it”. Fumbling for an appointment card from out of his wallet, the man was shocked to realise he should have taken the appointment for his X-rays the previous day. He was tempted to shrug this off but I felt compelled to insist that he delay no further, but contact the hospital the following day and make a fresh appointment.

This case strongly suggests that the man was already well within the notice of the Spirit who were clearly looking for any suitable opportunity to

get through to him and this is particularly well borne out by the fact that when we met some weeks later, during his lengthy period of convalescence, he admitted he had also finally given in to the persuasions of an old friend and made an appointment with a medium for a date shortly before we had met. At the last minute he decided not to turn up because he felt it would be a waste of time “dabbling in a load of stuff that could not possibly have any truth or value in it”!

Oh! The folly of man who will forever sit in judgment upon issues of which he knows nothing!

Even an experienced researcher is sometimes taxed by the question of how Spirit People find their way into environments they never knew in their earthly life, but the experienced medium will teach that it is the Guides of the Other World who are far-seeing enough to be able to assist a Spirit Friend with a particular need to ‘weave a way’ through various earthly contacts until they can get across to a particular Loved One whatever it is they wish, or need to impart.

A good case in point comes from an instance where, in the course of an evening of light-hearted conversation with dear friends in their home a Spirit Visitor joined us quite unexpectedly.

At one point during conversation my host had made a slight reference to one of his fellow business executives, this man’s name being Powell. They were good friends of many years and my host, in comparatively recent times, had developed his own gifts for clairvoyance and clairaudience when he and his wife sat in my original Home Circle, going on to occasionally discuss his experiences with Mr Powell.

On the evening in question I saw a frail old lady build up clearly in the centre of the room, every detail of her face, hair, and attire quite vivid to the physical eye, this being an objective experience as opposed to subjective. The lady moved towards the fireplace and mantelpiece whereupon the image of a very old fashioned clock appeared. This the lady seemed to take hold of with extreme delicacy, ‘winding it up’, and then gently returning it to its place. The whole appearance of the room changed, and I saw the image of another man sitting in my host’s chair, and somehow the name of Powell kept repeating itself in my mind.

As I began to speak of this, my host remarked that my description was of an old lady he had seen standing by the door of the room sometime previously but as she had quickly “vanished” he had chosen not to comment upon it. Strangely, neither he nor his wife could see the lady at the same time that I was seeing her.

Then a clairaudient flow began with the old lady and I realised she was the mother of the Mr Powell who had been mentioned earlier. She explained that since her passing her son had brooded terribly, spending evenings alone in his home, and was also worrying himself unnecessarily about some stomach disorders. The old lady was pleading that my host speak with her son at business the following day and reassure him he had nothing to fear, despite his innermost thoughts he did NOT have the beginnings of cancer, and if he would get a complete medical check they would give him the right treatment to clear what was a gastric ulcer and nothing worse.

My host agreed to speak with Powell the following day and later told me that in describing the old lady in detail, the old clock and the changes of

décor which had been superimposed on the room we sat in, he was thus able to make Powell think seriously about the whole issue. It transpired that our description was, in fact, perfect in every detail reflecting Powell's own drawing-room where he sat alone each evening. The clock, almost two hundred years old and an heirloom of his mother's side of the family, was the one possession the old lady would not let anyone touch but herself, and seemingly, every night before retiring she very carefully would up this clock!

Powell was impressed because neither my friend nor myself had ever seen his home, even from the outside, and also he had not mentioned to a living soul the stomach discomforts he had been enduring for some months. The eventual medical check proved accurate and within a short time the gentleman was perfectly fit and healthy, and certainly much inspired by the knowledge that his mother was not totally "dead and finished" by any means. For an ardent Roman Catholic it may have been difficult to accept, but the fact remains, this experience did everything the old lady of Spirit intended it to do.

This case again strongly emphasises the teachings which tell of their being limitless channels of consciousness through which the Spirit can work – and which our earthly minds, when properly attuned, can tap. Again, the 'thought-form' theory must be ruled out, since no one in that room had known the old Mrs Powell in earthly life so could not possibly have imagined with that great clarity what she had looked like. If, however, anyone prefers to believe it was only a thought-form then the old lady's 'appearance' as such in a strange home could only emanate from the possible imaging of her in her son's mind, being extended by E.S.P. to the mind of his colleague (my host) because Powell knew the other man to be interested in these matters of the psychic field. In that case, are we also to believe that Powell had further transmitted a 'thought-form' of the old clock, the furniture, carpets, drapes etc., of his home into the home of my friends, and if so, how come my host – a natural psychic – did not pick up those 'thought-forms', but myself, a complete stranger to Powell, did? Accepting all this, for the benefit of the researcher who would prefer us to do so, we are still faced with the question of how one knew, on 'picking up' the thoughts of Powell's sick stomach, the nature of the problem, where Powell himself did not? In relating psychically to that mind nursing the sense of pain, would not one be expected also to take from that mind the darker thoughts it was holding in respect of the possible cause of that pain? Perhaps to some the thought-form hypothesis is more "comfortable", but there is no way of proving it to the exclusion of all other possibilities.

Whichever way we choose to assess this material one inescapable fact remains. All the spontaneous instances we are examining show the extent to which the mind can reach out to immeasurable areas of consciousness and

perceive much that will, if properly used, alleviate a great deal of the average kind of worry and doubt, and sometimes downright fear from our daily lives. How can the average mind be sure of making wise and proper decisions when confused and beset by worries and complications in different situations which inevitably cloud the inner vision? Whatever the source of our “help”, it certainly has an awareness of pitfalls along our road which we cannot possibly foresee for ourselves; an awareness of the consequences if we make one decision as opposed to another, and also of the danger to which we frequently undermine our own inner reserves with a load of unnecessary worry and frustration.

On an occasion when a couple of friends called unexpectedly one evening I happened to be on hands and knees busily reupholstering a small chair, and it was generally agreed I could carry on with my work while we talked. One of my visitors, Lois, was a young lady rather over confident but who occasionally asked for a sitting, although one was well aware that her true acceptance of the Spirit Reality was forever fluctuating. If all in life was going smoothly then Lois regarded it as being due to her own cleverness in handling life and people. If things went wrong, Lois thought it was life and people being unfair and then she would want the Spirit to try and intervene, like they might wave a magic wand for her!

Our conversation had been of a fairly general, causal nature, but as I continued with my upholstering I suddenly became aware of a little Spirit friend whom I knew very well, building up alongside me. This was Carole Anne – not a ‘child Guide’ – but the daughter of dear friends of mine and of whom much is written in my book ‘INEVITABLE JOURNEY’.

Carole Anne told me that Lois was “being rather naughty and treating her husband badly just now” and this rather surprised me from the point of view of the Spirit’s observational qualities, rather than from the angle of Lois’ attitudes towards her marriage to one whom everybody considered a very fine man. Carole Anne asked that I speak with Lois, try to reason with her, and warn her that if she was not careful in the coming two months she would find herself “playing with fire, through someone called Jamie, and would come very close to ruining her marriage altogether as well as causing great distress for another girl, too”.

Now this placed one in a rather delicate position, but after awhile of careful thought I managed to bring the conversation around to Lois’ husband, enquiring of his wellbeing, progress in his new work and so forth, and this led Lois to exactly the point where I could pass on what Carole Anne had to say. Lois dismissed this entirely, assuring me that she was perfectly well able to handle any situation that came along (!) and indignantly declaring herself to be totally in control of her emotions, which caused the other visitor and myself a wry smile apiece. Little Carole Anne gave further information what the Spirit could clearly see a little way ahead,

and emphasised that Lois should have nothing whatever to do with the man Jamie, whom she would meet in a working environment, because it would lead her into the most traumatic emotional entanglements she had ever known, and could even have a serious effect upon her career.

Having dismissed every bit of this information and strongly resented the Spirit intervention, despite its good intent, but only because, for once, she herself had not chosen to “call for” Spirit help, Lois became very rude about every aspect of Spirit Work, conveniently forgetting the many times it had come to her assistance.

Seven weeks later, the mutual friend telephoned to inform me that Lois was in a dreadful state, having met a young man called Jamie and almost quicker than was believable had commented to have “an affair” with him, insisting that she could well handle it (and him) and manage to do so without her husband ever knowing, since he was currently working up-country. This great infatuation was soon controlling Lois who could not eat or sleep properly and was clearly letting all good sense go to the winds.

Working in the television industry, where news travels fast, it was hardly surprising that her husband soon came to hear of what was taking place, and raced to London to try and reason with his wife. The whole situation dragged on for some weeks, getting worse from day to day and all the while Lois insisted that she was going to divorce her husband and marry the new beau in her life. She utterly refused to believe it when the Spirit told us he was already married and had a sick and very neurotic wife who would be tempted to try suicide if she knew her husband was being unfaithful. However, during this time, the boost to Lois’ ego through the constant attentions of her dashing young Romeo had regrettably caused a complete loss of discretion in her dealings with professional associates and she was being constantly overlooked in favour of others when new work was in the offing. Yet Lois could not see that people could not be expected to respect her when she was handling them with such high-handed attitudes at the same time as needing them to give her a helping hand or two up the ladder of success.

Finally, police arrived one night to enquire if Jamie was in Lois’ apartment – which he was – and promptly took him to the hospital where his wife lay, having been found by friends at home where she had attempted to take her life upon hearing of Jamie’s exploits!

Lois was soon on the point of breakdown, had lost many of her former friends in the process through her arrogance and selfishness, and up until a few months ago had not – after almost three years – done any more work in the field of her choice!

Here it may be suggested that Lois required to undergo this dreadful experience in order to ‘learn a lesson’ and to a point this may well be so. Nevertheless, she had caused great distress for others into the bargain and

also ruined her career in which she was desperate to make headway. All totally unnecessary sufferings, which the Spirit had clearly tried their best to help her – and others – avoid.

In striking contrast, however, is the instance of spontaneous Spirit intervention on behalf of one desperately trying to overcome the inner conflict created by a most difficult life pattern of many years' struggles and challenges.

Public houses and such places have the most minimal appeal for the writer, yet it was in just such a place where a striking piece of psychic phenomena took place.

In the mid-sixties, living in the North Country, I was frequently being asked by a group of friends to join them for a visit to a country hostelry where the licensee's wife – a former radio and stage artiste of great polish and talent – entertained at the piano most evenings before a crowd of about two hundred people.

When finally agreeing to go, I was pleasantly surprised to find the entertainment taking place in a very large concert room along one side of which was an alcove with three shallow steps to the floor from the stage upon which was a grand piano, set of drums and a double bass.

We shall call this fascinating entertainer Rose and certainly she was a joy to watch – having a great vocal range, tremendous personality and extremely clever wit. With my attention focussed keenly upon her, I suddenly realised I was also seeing someone else standing beside her – though not a person of the physical world. The room was crowded, smokey, somewhat noisy with glasses tinkling, waiters busying around and a lot of chatter and laughter as might well be expected of such a place. Yet the psychic faculties functioned through all of this, and with great clarity.

I began to realise also, that despite her 'public image' Rose was a deeply sad and worried person and somehow I felt an inner conviction that I could be of some little help. When time came for her to have a twenty-minute break, I asked one of my friends who obviously knew Rose quite well to invite her to join us for a drink, which she did.

We talked for a while about show business and several personalities we had both known in the past and Rose concluded by saying "do you know, Don, it's done me a world of good talking with you – I've been really depressed lately and honestly, there's something about meeting you that just makes me feel a lot better all of a sudden. I'll come back and we'll have another chat before you go, is that alright?"

Obviously I agreed and indeed would have suggested it myself had Rose not done so, because I was surer than ever I could be the channel of some kind of help for her.

All the while I had been conscious of an elderly man standing by Rose, feeling sure this was her father, of the Spirit World, and this figure followed

her back to the stage and stood alongside the piano as Rose resumed the entertainment.

Towards the end of her performance, however, Rose played some music while singing an accompaniment, and at this point I was amazed to see the Spirit gentleman come to the front of the stage, pause a moment and then seem to ‘collapse’ – his image then being sprawled across the three shallow steps.

The performance over, Rose re-joined us, and I positioned our two chairs so that we could talk a little more privately, slightly away from the rest of my party. Rose readily confirmed the description of the Spirit as that of her father and then told me he, too, had for years been in show business and since retirement and widowhood, had spent all his week-ends and special times like Easter and Christmas with Rose and her husband at the ‘pub’. It was there, two Christmases previously, that towards the end of the evening he had offered to perform a few of his old music-hall songs and tell a few jokes and, just as he finished, he collapsed and died – on the steps of the stage! From there on, one was able to reassure Rose that her devoted father was perfectly happy now, and was particularly pleased we had met so that he could give her an important message.

Her husband, it transpired, had for years been an alcoholic and had many times given Rose violent beatings, but despite all this, she had stayed with him to run the business – of which he had long since become incapable – and in hope that in time he might just “get better”. In recent times, though, he had become worse and Rose was at breaking point; taking responsibility for the complete running of the unusually large hostelry with its several bars and dining room and bedrooms for a regular flow of overnight visitors was in itself a heavy enough burden for one woman, but also – because it was so good for business – Rose entertained for over three hours every night at the piano, and now she was clearly on the verge of a crack-up.

However, her father urged her “not to pull out now”, but said that just around the turn of the year – ten months hence – there would be sudden changes which would make her completely free to start a new life, and with a new, and this time truly fine, partner. Her father said that in his World all Rose’s inner conflicts were well understood and that, although she seriously doubted her strength in being able to carry on any longer, the Spirit People would nightly pour strength out to her for they KNEW she could take the challenge and finally overcome it with a clear conscious and a real peace within. He then referred to an old colleague of Rose’s whom she had not seen for a long time, but who periodically made contact, always urging her to get a divorce and marry him.

“But Pat is working abroad now” said Rose sadly, “and in any case he knows how I feel about sticking to my duty until the end and I just do not

think he would ever ask me again to marry him – he must have got tired of waiting by now”.

Yet her father insisted this man Pat would return from abroad at just the right time to help her through the final ordeal of her present situation and within a short time then they would marry, and most happily.

Towards the end of the year her husband was taken into hospital and for many weeks Rose – still carrying out all her other duties – was visiting him twice daily, despite being totally ignored by him when she got there. On the 27<sup>th</sup> of January Rose telephoned saying that she wanted me to be first to know that her husband had passed away that afternoon.

I visited her a few weeks later and then she told me that on the day before the funeral Pat had arrived back from abroad and upon hearing the news had gone immediately to her side. He had stayed there since, apart from going to work around the country spasmodically, and they were looking for a new home and business into which they could move once they had allowed a six month period to pass since the bereavement. When I last heard of them, about two years ago, they were still extremely happy and prospering in every way and Rose sent a message via a friend to say that she wanted me to know she had never regretted sticking out those last months of her previous existence, although without the intervention of her father’s message, she doubted she could ever have done so.

In one’s own life, the greatest inner strength has indeed come from the constant reminders of the Spirit – when one was enduring bitterly hard times – that although of oneself there was great doubt that one could carry on within a certain set of circumstances, They knew for certain one could, and would, remain strong enough to meet the challenge *until the time was right* to on to other experiences.

On going for a carefree evening out with friends, a drink at a country pub, or a visit to the theatre, maybe a dinner outing, one does not expect ever to be brought into such close touch with those of the Other World, too, yet time and again it has been shown, wherever there was urgent need, there was no barrier of earthly origins the Spirit could not overcome.

## VI

Many times the Spirit People will give a little sign that one must expect to be ‘called upon’ in the most unexpected places, but it must be understood that such signs do not come as long, detailed drawn-out ‘messages’, but more usually as brief, almost trite remarks indicative of the need for one to be ‘alert’.

On my way to lecture to a Youth Club Group in Shepherds Bush one evening in 1968, I found myself quite alone on the upper deck of the bus and quite suddenly heard the distinct voice of one of my Spirit Helpers instructing me “You must speak to Brian privately – he must return to Australia and let nothing stop him now”. It will be noted there was no indication as to Brian’s other name or whereabouts, and at the time I certainly could not relate such a ‘message’ to any of the three or four men of that name already known to me.

I was welcomed pleasantly by a Deputy Leader of the Club, and shortly before the audience was finally assembled, another young man appeared hurriedly, expressing apologies for not being there earlier to greet me as he was to be my host and Chairman for the evening. He even forgot to introduce himself by name, simply saying “I am the Leader of this Club”.

The evening’s business concluded, my Chairman invited me to join him for supper in a local restaurant, saying he would be interested to hear more of the kind of work in which I was involved, and at this point said: “oh – I’m sorry, I should have told you, my name’s Brian S.....”. Having just completed an hour’s lecture and a question session of almost equal duration, I was perhaps too tired at that moment to bring to mind the ‘message’ I had received earlier on the bus, and for a time it seemed as if the name Brian had ‘fallen on stony ground’.

Following supper, my friend kindly offered to give me a lift home and we sat in his small van talking for about a further hour. As I happened to glance up at the driving mirror, I was rather shaken to see quite vividly a face that was neither my own nor Brian’s, but that of a much older man of weather-beaten features and fine tan complexion, and at the same moment I heard the name of Edward ‘coming from out of nowhere’. It was then that my psychic faculty sharpened sufficiently for me to recall the earlier experience of the evening and, as Brian had been asking me scores of questions, I felt it was now time for me to ask him a few, so I began with asking if he had any thoughts of going to Australia to which he replied: “Sure – but how the devil d’you know that?”.

I explained the two psychic experiences of the evening, and Brian then told me: “But that’s amazing you know, because my folks are in Australia and I lived out there a few years, came back here and now I’m married and have a young baby and I feel if I could persuade my wife to go to Australia

we'd do much better there than here. I've had a struggle keeping things going financially, we can't even save enough to think of buying a house and living with parents – although they're nice and good people – is just not good enough for us”.

From this point, the image in the mirror seemed to grow in clarity and potency, for now I was receiving a whole flow of information and then in addition getting images of other Spirit People too. I handed Brian my lecture notes for him to record on the back thereof all that I was impressed to pass over to him, certain information being given concerning places of which I had never heard, including a most unusual Australian place-name which Edward – Brian's Spirit grandfather – said would be the place with both a good job and a nice home ready for him and his little family when they got out there. Brian found it all quite incredible, but then, so did I!

He telephoned me a few days later to say that of the Spirit People described who he could not at the time identify, he had found them to be all relatives of his wife's family, and on the strength of this, invited me to take supper with the family the following week. It was a pleasant evening and the young wife and her mother – who had been nervous of her only child's emigration to another country – declared that if the Spirit were so right in giving all the details they could verify and which I could not possibly have known, then they felt the Spirit must surely be right about the rest as well. Brian and his wife kept in touch periodically and within seven months had gone to Australia. Some time later I had a long and fascinating letter from them telling me that earth people the Spirit grandfather had named, Brian had now met; his mother's health was exactly as needful of attention as we had been told; and in the most unexpected ways he had been led to the offer of a job in the unusually-named small town, where a new house was offered with the post! They were happier than at any time since their marriage and for a couple of years I still had letters assuring me of their joy and prosperity out there.

Now, because of the message on the bus, delivered by a Spirit Voice which I knew well to be that of a Helper, it would seem we have again a case whereby the experienced Spirit Communicator was preparing to bring forth an inexperienced one ('Edward') in order to help him fulfil his own need to do away with anxiety for a Loved Grandson, and also the needs of the grandson and his family. I feel any researcher asking one to accept pure extra-sensory-perception or thought-form theories here would be asking too much. I am prepared to have them stretch my imagination as far as their own sometimes, but in this sort of instance my imagination shows it has definite limits.

Another Australian acquaintance a few years back expressed some unhappiness in not being able to find a more salubrious home at a reasonable rent than the dingy single room he was living in. He loved London and

England dearly, and planned to stay here as many years as Authority would permit, and asked if I would consider sharing my home. I had no desire to do so, at all, but this was in no way a reflection upon the fine character of the man in question.

However, discussing this over a meal one Saturday, I casually commented that there would not be much point in such a move anyway as he was going back home in the spring so it would not be worth all the altering round of my home that would be necessary if I took in a guest. Bob reeled at this, insisting that he was here for a few years and then I described to him a Spirit relative who was insisting that by summer at the latest he would be back home! The relative showed himself perfectly clearly, Bob recognising the description at once, and then spoke of many family matters which Bob knew I could not possibly have foreknowledge of.

Briefly, the Spirit relative said that Bob's ideas would be changed by news received in the mail. One letter would concern him a little, this being from his mother, but a second letter, from the younger of his two sisters, would be the "hand to turn the wheel" and set him in process of voyaging home. Again, quite apart from family issues, Bob was convinced he could not now get such good career opportunities as he was finding for himself in the City of London, yet the Spirit insisted he would be openly offered a good post, in his particular field, without even having to ask for it, and this would set him on the right tracks from the start, within days of arrival back in Australia. The time was February, and the Spirit said that between the end of April and the end of June would be the crucial time when "all would be into change". Bob expressed a little concern about his mother's health but was reassured that this was sounder than he might think, and in fact it was his father's health where the concern was needed, but his father being rather stubborn, was making things difficult for the family by not adhering to their wishes that he have proper medical check-ups.

About a month later Bob asked me to take him to a Spiritualist service as he had never attended such an event, and in a London church we heard a fine medium called Ronald Hearn give an excellent demonstration of clairvoyance, this starting out, much to Bob's astonishment, by the medium addressing him first of all.

Mr Hearn described several of Bob's Spirit relatives and friends and then proceeded to give a message which was almost identical to what I had told him shortly before. For a few days this seemed to unsettle Bob a little and we discussed the pros and cons of him visiting a couple of other good mediums to see if confirmation could be given either way on the validity of what he had already been told. I was not too enthusiastic about Bob seeing so many mediums so early in his quest of the psychic field, but he booked a private sitting with Miss Christine Burnett Smith, receiving equally impressive results on both the evidential and counselling levels. In each

case that same period of late April to late June had been stressed as a very significant time, and it was, by now, the middle of April.

The Sunday following his private sitting Bob attended an afternoon demonstration at the College of Psychic Studies where the demonstrating medium, the well-known Mrs Jessie Nason, almost took his breath away by commencing the demonstration with a message for Bob, who was almost trying to hide himself away at the back of the hall.

Evidence poured forth, and then in speaking of his early return to Australia, Mrs Nason concluded: “No matter how you doubt this young man, in these last few days of April you will have a letter that really makes you think – it is from an older person, a lady – I think your mother; and within two weeks after that a second letter, from a younger member of the family, shows you exactly what you must do. By the way, something tells me you would like to go by ship but I have to say to you – it’s not fast enough, you MUST go by air!”

Poor Bob was nonplussed, but a few days later he telephoned to say a letter from his mother told of his father’s declining health and expressing the wish that Bob was there because he “was the only one able to persuade Dad to use some common sense about these things”. However, Bob wrote back appropriately and also sent a letter to his father, at the same time telling me that “if the worst came to the worst” he would go home because he and his mother were extremely close, and as the only son in the family he would obviously be able to give her great help and strength if real troubles came.

Ten days later his young sister wrote pleading with him to go home, wisely telling him exactly what doctors had said when, a few days before his father collapsed, was rushed to hospital, and diagnosed as a terminal cancer case upon which they dare not operate at all. The sister added that the father had been given “six months to live, at the most”.

No amount of discussion would persuade Bob this was not the time to consider the luxuries of sailing home in comparison to the expediency of flying, and he booked a passage on a ship sailing at the end of May. He should have been home at the beginning of June, and up to the last I tried hard – under the impressions of the Spirit – to persuade him to change his mind and fly home instead. This was to no avail, and at one port of call the ship had technical troubles, days were wasted before the voyage could be resumed and then a patch of severe weather further delayed the ship’s progress, with the result that Bob arrived home one week after his father’s sudden death at the beginning of July.

The one cheerful note to this case was that business friends of the family had recently been extending their business and creating new staff appointments and they offered Bob an excellent position which of course launched him nicely back into his career, and so lucratively that he was more than easily able to support his mother and give her every comfort. Once a

year he writes, always reporting better progress than ever, and swearing he will never go against the advice of the Spirit again!

Many people, not only mediums as such, have the precognitive faculty whereby they are given impressions of events yet to come, but these are rarely, rather than regularly, accompanied by the personalised stamp of Spirit Awareness. A great many people have ‘feelings’, ‘sensings’ which may be called by some premonitions, or hunches, and become nervous of them because they do not understand the *modus operandi* of the natural psychic functionings of their own being.

Like countless others, the writer has had these ‘sensings’ over the years and also, like others, many times ignored them – until experience has taught one the greater wisdom! If the Spirit People *are* behind such experiences of the prophetic nature, then they do not speak on such matters in alarmist manner, but rather try to put over what they feel has to be said and shown, in ways that are wise, and compassionate. This is why, having established their Reality through identifying details of personality and relationship, they ask of us a trust, for they know there are occasions when it is not good to give us every detail of what they can see ahead, but rather better to tell us a little and then say, simply, “Trust us”.

I am by no means alone in regretting the many times, in early days, when this I refused to do – always wanting everything spelled out in black and white, so to speak, and then being left to wish dearly I had listened, and trusted, and acted accordingly, instead of pressurising and demanding, which is futile. On the other hand, it must not be considered right at any time to expect one’s every day to be mapped out for one by the Spirit or any other Force, thus taking the onus of responsibility off our own shoulders. This, in fact, is completely wrong.

Some years back, one young friend was delighted to sing the praises of the Spirit Truths when given remarkably detailed evidence of his mother’s conscious existence in the Higher Plane of Being; this strengthened and comforted and inspired greatly over many sad, and difficult months. Later on, however, because the Spirit advised a change of thinking in regard to career, they were resented, and the friend put out arrogant disclaimers of having ever believed in the genuineness of mediums, or the reality of Spirit Life! Over a long period, new hope seemed to dawn when certain mediums ‘prophesised’ (of themselves, and not of Spirit aid I suspect) great success for this friend in the field he would have preferred to make his career in. Even without being psychic one could not see any of the talent there required to make real impact in the chosen profession, but nevertheless, these mediums were believed and trusted for an incredibly long time, much to everyone’s amazement.

When, after a couple of years, he was as far off as ever from getting a break into the profession he wanted, he gave in – but only to once again

thoroughly denounce the Spirit People and everything to do with them. Being exceptionally dogmatic of nature, this gentleman would not be told that the Spirit People are by no means always behind mediums, and certainly cannot be held responsible for *all* that mediums have to say. The rather sad thing here is that this particular fellow could have developed a fine psychic gift of his own once he had relinquished a little of his dogmatic and arrogant attitudes towards others – and often towards life generally.

As it is, from news I glean periodically from mutual acquaintances, he has continued to flounder from one neurotic state to another, and although earning a good living in a perfectly ordinary kind of post, is never satisfied with anything he does in life!

This same person was a fellow guest with me some years ago with hosts living in a top floor apartment in an old house in Highgate, London, when after lunch – of which I had eaten very little owing to a slight stomach chill – we had a most unexpected psychic experience.

It appears that, as we were taking after-lunch coffee, I seemed to “fall asleep”, and a rather strong voice, although of a lady, began to address the assembled group through my lips. Telling them she was known as “Nan”, the mother of the present owner of the property, she said she was pleased to see such a nice couple in the top floor as tenants, and that “soon I shall bring some more in from our side who have also been here, before you, when we used to have a lovely old piano in that far corner between the fireplace and the window”. The Voice then told of matters to do with her daughter and family, and then said she realised my hosts (and hers!) really were looking for a larger and more modern home, but begged them not to jump “at the first two offers in the autumn, but wait for March and that would bring the right place, at the right price, and quite unexpectedly”. She expressed a concern about this simply because she was aware of the kindness the couple had extended to her family in a period of much domestic difficulty earlier in the year.

Now the strange thing to this experience was that, as I “woke up”, totally unaware that I had in fact been in a trance, and not merely asleep, I seemed to be coming out from a dream wherein I was in a beautiful apartment in a very old mansion, and the apartment had delightful alcoves, and two great pillars and an ornate arch between the entrance and dining halls – and that transpired to be an apartment I myself eventually moved into almost a year later, and rather unexpectedly – but two hundred miles away from where this experience took place in London!

As my friends began to explain to me all that had been happening, I in return told them of my “dream” and, naively perhaps, suggested that perhaps the apartment I had been shown was the one the old lady meant was eventually going to be theirs! During our discussion, however, other Spirit Forms began to build up in the room and although I described them and

passed on the names and data they gave me clairaudiently, my hosts could confirm nothing at that point except that, as the young males of the Spirit Group had said, they were airmen who had been billeted in the house during the war and lived in that top floor apartment.

Within the week, my hosts contacted me with the information that their landlady had confirmed that her mother, Nan, indeed had a deep voice for an elderly lady, and all that was said regarding family matters was absolutely true. Further she remembered well from her early womanhood all the young servicemen who had named themselves as having been billeted there and she laughed in recall of the old piano in the corner of that top room around which “the boys” had frequently had rousing sing-songs.

The young couple who were my hosts that day, did have an unexpected offer of a beautiful apartment the following spring, this following upon their refusal of two others which had been offered to them in the autumn. However, the story has a somewhat sad sequel to it, for the husband had always impressed me as being a type to have a fine potential for development as a spiritual healer, and indeed when I had mentioned this, he had said he would love to think that one day he could take up such noble work.

Over the years, though, taking one promotion after another in his work for the Government, he also took a keener interest than ever in the materialities of life and the high spots in which to spend his leisure hours – not always in the choicest of company. Gradually I lost contact with these people, although mutual acquaintances to this day gave me news of them. The partnership has now been over about three years, and the gentleman has gone from one emotional trauma to another, drinking heavily and getting to the point where medical help was of no avail, and he has withdrawn himself almost completely from society. No invitations of any kind are acknowledged and reports say he has become most unreliable in all his dealings with people so that now no one bothers to make further contact.

In the first few years after that remarkable experience we shared, this couple would write to me, and sometimes visit me in the North, when having problems of any kind and time and again the Spirit did everything to assist them in many different ways. Speaking of their periodic visits to mediums, and mediumistic demonstrations, they would comment upon what they considered to have been excellent survival evidence, and then upon the various mediums’ references to the young man’s latent psychic power which would unfold particularly well if directed towards the aims of spiritual healing. Always he would declare himself humbled by the thought of having any personal quality which might permit him to help alleviate human suffering and add that this is something he would like very much to do. However, he further added that it must all wait, “There’s plenty of time to do

all those things – I want to build my own career more yet...and maybe in a few years' time I'll do something about healing”.

This would not have struck one as particularly selfish had the same man not frequently remarked upon the overwhelming urges he often felt within to go towards someone who was obviously sick or distressed, with a desire to help them. Yet he was aware that to develop healership would require a certain modicum of self-discipline and this, it seems, he was not prepared to exercise.

In the ensuing years of great difficulty, and finally an undoubted decline of all his finer qualities, and assets, he sought long and hard for help and though it was offered by the Spirit, still refused to cooperate when they called for a disciplining of his attitudes and habits. The sad picture this presented a year or so ago, brought to mind the reflections of St. Augustine: “Oh Beauty so old, yet ever new, too late I loved Thee...too late”.

Examining our shared ‘Sunday’ experience, it could be claimed by the Spirit as well as ourselves, that not one of those involved had any conscious knowledge of the history of the house in which the experience occurred. For my own part, I knew nothing of the personalities owning the property, and none of us knew anything about the discarnate personalities who claimed, and were proved to have lived there years before. It must further be stated that this was not an example of so-called “unhappy Spirits being earthbound in an unhappy atmosphere” because, we were told, the house had always rung with laughter and music and great friendliness and that atmosphere still existed there. In effect, then, this experience had the hallmark of a very determined effort by the Discarnates to give a most convincing display of the truth of their existence to a couple who had previously accepted, and then rejected the Spirit, not once only, but frequently.

Many times have I known the Spirit be disparaged by those who had previously applauded the Spirit Truths when in need of their assistance, only for the Spirit People, at a later date, to find their own way of bringing forth such an experience as to finally convince their doubters whether it made the latter look foolish or not.

All sensitive to the Spirit know well enough that sometimes, weeks or maybe months can pass by, without them having any real, unquestionable awareness of vibrant Spirit Presences anywhere near them. There are many, like the writer, who sometimes consider this perhaps a proof in itself that (a) previous experiences have been something far more than mere imaginings of ‘seeing’ and ‘hearing’ discarnate personalities and (b) that those of the discarnate world can never be ‘produced’ at will by any sensitive. This is perhaps one of the sharpest thorns in the sceptics’ side for it would sometimes appear that the sceptic would even prefer to believe that medium or sensitive has the attunement to ‘Spirit Forces’ twenty four hours a day and can therefore produce them at will, if they exist to be produced at all!

## VII

The sceptic often asks the medium or sensitive to offer instances that have built up their conviction of the reality of survival, at the same time demanding that the medium gives him “absolute and irrefutable proof” on the spot. Yet, medium and sceptic alike have entirely different notions of what constitutes proof beyond all shadow of doubt; every sceptic differs from his fellow-sceptics, and many mediums differ from their colleagues, in offering answers to this question of “What is proof”.

To the medium, or sensitive, however, it is usually the case for a whole series of experiences, varying considerably in nature, to have founded and then strengthened their convictions. The sceptic, with so many self-made barriers of mind, cannot have the same experiences, but in his own series of experiences may spend a very lengthy period blocking himself from seeing the subtleties behind those experiences; the kind of subtleties which, of themselves, may often ‘clinch’ the issue. It is not at all uncommon to find that the standards and conditions the sceptic sets up as his ‘yardstick’ for the Spirit to meet, are far less feasible, logical, reasonable, than any theories offered by mediums to explain *their* experiences.

One other point the sceptic is fond of making is that “the so-called Spirits never come forth with any earth-shattering revelations such as might make their existence seem rather more credible”! As the writer understands it, the work and concerns of the Spirit never has been to prognosticate with a stream of high-flown earth-shattering utterances, but simply – and surely more importantly – to first try and convince in the most human ways, at the most human levels, that their World IS a real world – a definite fourth dimension in its own right wherein trust decrees that if man would take more notice from WITHIN HIMSELF FIRST he would learn much to help prevent many of the man-created shatterings of earthly peace, brotherhood, and harmony.

Whatever our line of approach to the subject, however, there is an almost flagrant lack of understanding of the Spirit People having perhaps greater desires, and indeed needs, to break through, than we ourselves have and perhaps we can illustrate this with the following example.

A friend who was something of a Romeo – a playboy often displaying a greater wealth of money than of common sense – gave a house-warming luncheon in his newly-acquired, but very old stone-built home.

One of a dozen guests, I sat quietly in a corner armchair after lunch, quite content to listen to the general conversations of the others. Although furnished and decorated in exquisite taste, the house had a strange “coldness” which was nothing to do with physical heat, since some of us had, in fact, commented upon the almost overbearing heat of the great log fire. although delighted with his new home, our host nevertheless expressed

a sense of unease there, saying that since taking over the property nothing much seemed to have “gone right” for him, either businesswise, emotionally, or domestically, and he tried to shrug this off as simply a reaction to the strangeness of new surroundings and a feeling of loneliness – the latter itself explaining why he never stayed home more than he was forced.

Quite suddenly, from the area of the staircase, a Spirit lady crossed the room towards me, in most objective fashion, and then after realising she had caught my attention, went towards the door leading through to the kitchen, seeming to look in there, pause, and then cross the room again to stand between my chair and a settee of which sat four fellow-guests, who seemed to be under her most serious scrutiny.

Somehow she seemed to indicate that they were not exactly her kind of people and as I reacted to this ‘sensing’ I then caught a mental flow of words from the lady. “But they’re better than those I had to contend with, anyway” she told me. As I ‘mentally questioned’ this with her, the lady told me the atmosphere had always been “cold”, no matter what had been done to it materially. When she lived there her husband and son “ex-communicated her”, strongly resenting her religious feelings and the fact that she preferred to go to church on Sunday evenings rather than go with them drinking in pubs and clubs. I felt a great sense of sorrow and it became clear the lady had been of an affectionate nature but, because of the differences in attitudes to life, her family had given her a most miserable existence. She had come to be regarded as nothing more than a servant for the menfolk, all communication between them and her being by a series of written notes, this eventually driving her to making an attempt on her own life by gassing! She was quickly found and brought medical attention and survived, but after a little while the men’s treatment of her became worse and she had finally cut her own throat in the kitchen!

When I “asked” her why she came back now and then, to an atmosphere in which she had known only misery, she told me she was not happy in the Other World because she was still “held” by the emanations from this earthly environment by virtue of two facts. Firstly, the knife with which she had killed herself had simply been thrown onto a rubbish heap at the bottom of the garden and was still there, sunken now into the hardened ground and it gave off vibrations which troubled her, and secondly, as her family had told many lies about her immediately after her passing no one had troubled to pray for her, but instead held only thoughts of grievous bitterness, and in some cases, ridicule towards her.

The lady then explained that if only one of us would offer prayer for her for a few nights, and if my host would have the knife removed from the garden and despatched to the public refuse tip, it would help her greatly and at the same time “cleanse” the atmosphere of the house, whereafter the new

owner's fortunes would take a turn for the better because real love would once again be able to enter in.

The whole thing sounded to me so like a fairy story, that I hesitated for some time before agreeing to explain – in reply to my hosts observations, why I had sat so quietly for so long. Apparently the others had noticed that I had not adopted an “ordinary” quietude, but had definitely appeared to be arrested by something which none of them could see and therefore understand. When I had told the story – at risk of being laughed out of the place – my host said we could soon confirm its validity or otherwise as he had asked the one neighbour who had been especially helpful to him in the weeks of getting the house in order, to take tea with us later in the afternoon as he wished her to meet some of his friends, but she had not been able to join us for lunch owing to another engagement.

This highly intelligent and very charming lady, a middle-aged widow, readily confirmed every detail of what I related of my psychic experience. Days later, my host telephoned to report that he had been digging in the far corner of the garden and finally unearthed the knife, wrapped in a piece of old rag, and had promptly consigned it to the dustbin ready for taking away with the general domestic garbage. Although he was not given to praying, I persuaded him to at least try and join one in nightly prayers for the Spirit lady, which he did, and within a couple of weeks he reported a distinctly different feeling, of warmth and protection, in the house. His general affairs soon began to perk up and in a little while he found himself the sort of partner he had tried so hard to find amongst many others and within a year they were married most happily.

Some months after this psychic incident came a personal sequel for the writer. At a public demonstration of clairvoyance a medium described to me a Spirit lady whom I could not then recognise, adding that apart from wishing to offer thanks for prayers given on her behalf, the lady wished also to let “Louie” know she was “alright now and quite happy”. I disclaimed any knowledge of some earthly person called Louie, but then the medium said: “Well, this lady says you DO know her, but don't worry about it just now. She says also – though I cannot understand what it means – “I'm glad they got rid of the knife and cleared the garden”.

As I left the meeting hall I was still puzzled, but the next day my first waking thought was of my friend who had dug up the knife in his garden – and then I remembered that the neighbour who had confirmed our story was called Louie.

Again, we are made to realise that not one person around the lunch table for that celebration knew anything at all of the history of that house, or the details concerning its previous owners, so this totally rules out any ideas of thought-transference between us, or of anyone there creating thought-forms of a person now not of the physical world, but who none of them had ever

known anyway. The one psychic part of the experience which all those luncheon guests shared was that of the strange coldness in the house, which in itself shows that one who is mediumistic need not be the only one to 'sense' acutely whatever shadows are in a certain atmosphere.

However, not all such unexpected psychic experiences are of unhappy associations like that one, of course, but in comparison, on the subject of suicide, we can briefly examine an instance that had no connection with the place where suicide was committed.

A couple of acquaintances unexpectedly attended a Sunday evening service of mine in a London Church and afterwards waited to have a talk with me. As I was in no hurry to get home, I accepted their invitation to a light supper snack in a nearby restaurant and most of our conversation centred on their current problems of delay in matters relating to their emigration to Australia which, incidentally, came about six weeks later.

As one friend was relating to me a series of rather humorous incidents in ploughing his way through all the formal interviews etc., relevant to his emigration, I was completely baffled by the quite distinct vision of a rope, with a noose in it, seeming to be suspended in mid-air directly alongside his head, just above his right shoulder. Although absorbing every word of my friend's stories, and answering accordingly here and there, I could not doubt what I was seeing psychically, and then – above the rope so to speak – I saw the word "Brighton", but this did not terribly impress me of itself as my friends had lived there some time previously.

After a little while, I clairaudiently heard a voice saying "I'm David...David...and say I'm sorry...I'm sorry..." and then it tailed off. That was all.

As the restaurant began to fill up, I suggested instead of taking further coffee there, we adjoin to my quite nearby home, and after we had been there some time I became aware of a Spirit lady building up in the room and, almost before realising I had spoken aloud, began to describe her. The same friend who had told us humorous anecdotes paled considerably and exclaimed: "Good God – you've described my mother – but she's long been dead". From that point, I explained certain things of the spontaneity of the Spirit Ways and this led into my friends having an unexpected 'sitting' during which both of them received what appeared to be quite striking evidence of definite Spirit contact and, of course, as far as it could be, proof of survival.

However, with the friend about whom we are most concerned here, I was impressed, indeed urged, to tell him of my experience when we had been in the restaurant, to which his reaction was: "Well I don't know what the deuce the rope indicates, but thank heavens, you've reminded me I really should at least 'phone my old friend David in Brighton and tell him that I'm Australia-bound. It's funny, but come to think of it, some of the things you said about

my mother was telling us, tie in well with David and of other associates he and I had down in Brighton”.

Purchasing my usual newspaper on the way to business next morning I was horrified to see the headlines announcing the suicidal hanging the previous evening, in Brighton, of the same David I had been speaking about! When asked on the telephone later that day to explain how or why I could “pick up” such strange things sitting in a West London restaurant, I could not. One could only offer a series of suppositions, but whatever conclusion anyone came to, it was unanimously decided that, if nothing else, the psychic reception of such impressions from the universal consciousness, and in such an extraordinary way, was enough to convince us that there is SOMETHING in everyman which permeates every environment in which he moves, whether we consider it to be extensions of a living *soul*-consciousness or a limitless power of mind-extension.

When the voice spoke, and when I told my friends of this later, it caused nothing more than bewilderment because I was not convinced it was actually a Spirit Voice, and in what they had to say on hearing about this an hour afterwards, it was obvious they did not consider themselves to have a friend called David, ALREADY IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Therefore, one can only assume that it was some part of the consciousness of the David which I had somehow unwittingly tapped, picking up his thoughts of regret at what had happened. At the time of the reception, the form of apology went completely without understanding of course.

(It may be worth noting that when the Loved Ones of Spirit spoke to my two friends in my home, guidance given concerning their Australian venture, and indeed their first six months in that country, transpired to be borne out with almost alarming accuracy, yet none of those Loved Ones told of any awareness of a recently deceased young man called David being anywhere near them!)

Obviously, if all spontaneous phenomena WAS of such tragic elements none of us would be able to accept that in a Spirit World there is also great light and joy.

On occasion we can, from fear, scepticism, stubbornness, bitterness or sometimes even from grief, prevent those of Spirit moving on to greater light, peace and harmony. Once in a while, the person who cries “I will only believe what I see for myself”, then does see Spirit and afterwards still refuse to believe what they have seen, can create great distress for those endeavouring in every way they know to make earthly contact and bring comfort or some other form of necessary help.

Standing with the caretakers, a middle aged couple, in the hallway of an apartment I was viewing a few years ago, I was much interested in the presence of a fourth personality – though one not of the physical world. As

the couple deplored the poor state of decoration in which the apartment had been left and told me I would need a lot of courage to tackle the mammoth task of once again filling the vast, empty rooms with a fresh comfort and light, I was also listening to the Spirit Visitor telling me – or so I thought – she was their daughter. At least the young woman was referring to them as “Mum” and “Dad”.

I quickly realised that the Spirit Friend had left children on the earth and she seemed very distressed at the grief of her “parents” who were labouring under this heavy cloud to do the best they could to keep the children healthy and reasonably happy.

However, “Mum” – although basically very kind and earnest in everything she did – was rather obviously at times sharp of tongue, very ready to criticise and condemn others whose ways differed much from her own, so I decided I could not, on such brief acquaintance, speak to her of matters of the Spirit.

Within a couple of weeks, however, I moved in and during the time of expecting deliveries of various materials, which the caretakers kindly attended to in my absence, I became closer to them both. Acknowledging one such kind gesture one day, I was waylaid for quite some time by the lady who seemed rather depressed and began to tell me of the tragic passing away a year previously of her daughter-in-law who had left the lady’s son – an only child – and three little ones behind.

I stopped the lady’s flow of conversation quite suddenly, and almost without thinking about it, enquired if her daughter-in-law’s name had been Eva, which she readily confirmed, albeit in some amazement. Then I very gently explained my experience on that first day of meeting this couple, and every fact I had psychically taken from Eva’s presence was equally confirmed, but “Mum” refused point blank to believe there was even the remotest possibility of anyone living on – in any form – beyond the grave. Although I tried to reason with her, at the same time which I seemed to be ‘intuitively’ picking up other facts regarding the three children and the young widower – none of whom I had met – the lady simply dismissed all that I said, with heavy sarcasm and warning me I would most likely end up in a mental home if I gave myself to such beliefs.

As one came to know this lady better, one sadly noted a narrowness of mind towards many aspects of life and towards others, and this served to strengthen my conviction that Spirit were really concerned for this person because she was, in effect, making the road much harder for herself than need really be.

Came a day when the lady again began complaining about the misery of life generally, showing at the same time resentment of some of the quite aged tenants of the property living on while her daughter-in-law had been “taken” at only thirty-six years of age. Deeply sorry for the lady, because

one naturally understands that tragic bereavements affect different individuals in different ways and this lady could not see that new light was being offered to help her overcome this, I was nevertheless even more sorry for the one in Spirit, so eager to make a definite breakthrough. The lady's husband was very placid, gentle man, but no less a hard and honest worker for all that although he was somewhat a sick man, too, owing to reactions to the effects of his wartime experiences and some sickness through a bombing incident. Laid abed for a few days with a bronchial attack, he caused concern for his wife who really tended to exaggerate the condition, and simply would not be reassured that he would come through it quite safely. The woman was almost determined to see herself as a struggling widow, looking after three young grandchildren, and nothing I said would persuade her otherwise.

Sitting alone one evening I suddenly became aware of the presence of Eva again, and as I was alone I was in no way embarrassed to actually speak my replies to her psychic comments loud and clear. Eva informed me that "Dad" would have a further attack of sickness, this time with severe stomach troubles, in a few weeks' time and that, although this would involve hospitalisation, he would be perfectly alright and whatever his wife chose to believe, the Guides had reassured Eva quite definitely that he would have *at least* another ten good years of life yet. In reply to my questioning Eva told me not to inform her mother-in-law of this in quite so many words but equally not to hesitate about offering reassurances in face of illness, because it *would* definitely be proved to be correct. Eva then said she was "being shown" another way to make a breakthrough to "Mum", but this would be done unexpectedly and then she rather sadly observed "But you know, even after that, I just know she will still choose to disbelieve in Our World and its value as well as relation to yours". What a pathetic cry, I thought.

In August – almost three months later – the caretaker was taken ill and put into hospital for various examinations and on the third day his wife called at my door asking to speak privately with me for a few moments.

"I've just had a terrible shock" she informed me. "I was doing my shopping in the main road and as I came out of the bakery I saw Eva standing outside waiting for me and I nearly collapsed – I actually spoke to her and she spoke to me and then – I suddenly realised it just could not have been her of course!"

I enquired what Eva had "said" and what "Mum" had said to Eva and was told: "Well, I just said "Oh hello – I never expected you over this end of town today" – and mind you, I found myself saying it quite out loud. Thank God nobody was passing just then or else they'd have thought I was a mad woman talking to myself in the street. But Eva just said "I came to tell you, whatever you think, all IS alright and WILL BE alright. You've nothing to worry about".

My informant then insisted that, “of course”, it was her own imagination playing tricks with her, and her wishful thinking came into it, “naturally hoping everything could be alright, though I know it’s just not!” In typical fashion, she negated every positive comment Eva had apparently made. I considered it was then the proper time to tell of Eva’s forewarning to me of so many weeks before and this was received with an icy sarcasm. “Well of course YOU enjoy believing this fancy stuff” – and that was the end of that.

I visited the patient in hospital that evening, and distinctly saw by the man’s bedside Eva, and a gentleman who, by mental communication, indicated he was the patient’s brother Harry. The Spirit people seemed almost amused as the patient told me that doctors had told him and his wife that afternoon that he might well be in hospital for a long time if X-rays showed that surgery was needed, the patient resigning himself to the idea of this being a definite fact! Eva and Harry were, however, emphasising that I must believe that X-rays would not prove as negative as expected and that the patient would, in fact, be sent home before the end of the week and after another week or two’s rest, would be able to resume his work again!

I had gone directly from my office to the hospital, so had had no contact with the man’s wife since her visit to him that day, therefore I called upon her before going into my own apartment. In the depths of gloom, the lady was quick to remind me that “she was right after all, and this was going to be the start of a long and bitter struggle, just like it was with our Eva”, which served only to give me the cue to mention my psychic experiences of the hospital. Desperately trying to help Eva more than anything and of course mentioning – and receiving confirmation of the man’s brother Harry – I reminded my friend that everything Eva had told us so far had proved correct – and had been topped off by her own direct experience of “seeing Eva for herself” when out shopping. The lady would not budge from her dogmatic stand, and threw me a withering look when I tried to persuade her that her husband would be out of hospital, having had no surgery, before the weekend. “So you know better than qualified doctors now, do you?” was the icy observation I received, and with that I felt obliged to retire to my own home.

Eva was again proved absolutely right, and over the next couple of years was equally right in informing me of matters concerning her parents-in-law, her widowed husband, her children, and even the woman her husband would soon be announcing he was going to marry! Mother-in-law would never accept anything, and I chose not to tell her in advance of the new matrimonial plans of her son for she had clearly indicated in several conversations that he “was, unfortunately, not the type to ever marry again but prefer to struggle on supporting his family himself, apart from what help we can give them”!

The woman was blazing with indignation when, one day, she told me her son had brought to the home a woman he said he was going to marry – and even then, she would not be persuaded that not only had Eva “foreseen” this long before the parents new of the man’s secret romance, but was indeed happier knowing that her children were going to have a good “new” mother!

Until a couple of years ago, I had firm knowledge that the father-in-law was still living a reasonably healthy life, not in retirement, and since then I have heard nothing to the contrary. However, with this kind of experience one is left feeling deeply concerned for those of the Other World who try so hard and yet are not even given a chance of recognition by their dear ones still in the physical world. It was strange that, with all her many acts of kindness, the mother-in-law could never resist putting-down other people’s ideas – and in this instance, even deny freedom of expression to the Spirit of one for whom she professed great love and devotion.

This same lady was almost ‘wishing away’ a very elderly tenant in one of the apartments and simply laughed in my face when I assured her the old lady would live several years. When the old lady in question passed on, I kept a long-made promise to attend her funeral!

This happened to be the first morning after a Christmas holiday and because of a little delay in announcing funeral details, it was impossible to order floral tributes before the florists’ closed down for Christmas.

Consequently, on the morning of the funeral I had to start out early and purchase a very ordinary bunch of chrysanthemums from the one florist I found open in the area, but I happened to notice a couple of pink carnations in a small glass of water by the shop till and was told they were two spare ones left over from a wedding order the previous Saturday. On the spur of the moment I decided to purchase these, placing them gently into my topcoat pocket and then, after the interment, letting them slip from my hand into the grave, there to rest upon the coffin.

A month later, taking afternoon tea with my medium friend Trixie Allingham in her London home – this being two hundred miles away from where I had been at Christmas – I was extremely surprised when my hostess suddenly described to me a Spirit lady who had just walked into the room, holding two pink carnations in her hand, offering them to me, with “thanks and love for the thoughts behind them and keeping the promise to be there on Wednesday morning”. Mrs Allingham correctly named the lady, gave a most perfect description of her appearance, named the old lady’s husband who had welcomed her to his side in the Other World, and told me many things she could not possibly have known about these fine people. Finally, Mrs Allingham said the old lady was holding and offering towards me a green cheque, with the figures 50 upon it, and saying “A little thank you for all your kindnesses and I am sorry it was not for more”.

Some weeks later I received from the old lady's solicitors that green cheque for £50 "in thanks for all your kindnesses"!

This spontaneous experience was of no greater (or lesser?) import than that, but again, we remember that scientifically it would certainly not be accepted as anything to do with proving survival!

Having lived away from London for some years, I finally came to the point of being considered for a new position there – this to be with the College of Psychic Studies. However, a few weeks before there was any hint at all of such a move, a medium friend in Yorkshire, Doris Chamberlain, suddenly told me over coffee one morning that her son, who from the Spirit World works with her, had just come to her side and wanted to "have a few words with me". Commenting, as if to prove his words of having been quite close to me in recent times, Julian Chamberlain, through his mother, described several small incidents he had been aware of in my everyday routines in recent weeks. This was very interesting, of course, but then Julian told us that he saw me returning to London very shortly, working for "a College" and that the date of July 18<sup>th</sup> (some six weeks hence) would prove very significant. He finalised all this by telling me not to worry when speaking with some man with the initial B to his short surname, because we "would get along fine and the job, as far as we here see it, is already in the bag for you"!

I had previously had correspondence with Paul Beard, President of the College of Psychic Studies, and through this was arranged an appointment for us to meet there on July 18<sup>th</sup> to discuss the possibility of my going to work on the administrative side of the College's business. All this was arranged within a month of Julian's prophetic message and when I returned to Yorkshire after my day journeying to see Mr Beard, I telephoned Mrs Chamberlain and she told me Julian had – mid-day – again come to her and told her not to worry for me – everything was settled.

However, two days before I went to London I was entertaining a couple of friends at home, the lady being spasmodically quite psychic, and after supper describing to me the Spirit Presence of a friend called Laura who had passed on some eighteen months previously. My guest had never known Laura – who, again had lived in London anyway – but described her perfectly and then also described a table lamp Laura was "holding", saying: "Laura tells me this is her way of "lighting the path ahead for you" and she is very happy at the opportunities she sees in your future but you're going to need a lot of strength, a lot of patience and a lot of courage. Then she shows me what looks like a silver salver and says "this is for him, too, but I don't know what they've done with it"!"

None of us could quite understand this last phrase, except that I recalled Laura owning a silver salver which she had always treasured and which I had frequently polished for her in years gone by. That part of the 'message'

was to remain a mystery for two years afterwards, but when Laura withdrew her Spirit Presence from our midst, I brought from another room the very lamp which my guest had described, telling her this was the one thing Laura – a not very well-off lady with but a few little personal treasures – had specifically left to me as a memento when she passed. Returning to London and being well established in my work at the College, I one day unexpectedly met Laura’s niece and nephew, a married couple whom I had lost touch with over the years. Eventually we arranged to dine together and then some time after this, when I was visiting their home, they brought out Laura’s silver salver, telling me they had lost sight of it for quite a long time after Laura’s passing owing to some difficulties experienced with the few remaining relatives.

“We never wanted it for ourselves you know Don” they told me, “but just before she died Aunt Laura said one day she would so much like to make sure you got this although she could not remember having mentioned it specifically in her Will”!

The salver had been around quite a bit before it found its way back to this couple and then they had wrapped it up, put it safely away, sure that one day they would be able to hand it to me. as I daily glance at it I am constantly reminded not of just one dear friend now in Spirit, but of the myriad times, and the astonishing ways, in which they have made their presences known and brought to reality many ‘prophecies’ which at the time I could not really believe could come true.

Several times people have picked up this salver and – although themselves not noticeably psychic – have remarked upon it having, for silver, “a feeling of a surprisingly warm glow”, and I cannot altogether believe this is simply reflecting my own thoughts and appreciative feelings about it. Who can prove that it is NOT the sense of Laura’s happiness in seeing it where she always wanted it to be?

There is never any knowing when, where, why, or how the Spirit People will appear, but over-all, my conclusions are that it is only as real needs – theirs as well as ours – arise, and suitable opportunity for making psychic impact is there. I have no doubt that they make many futile attempts to gain much wider recognition for truly constructive ends but I have also a little more hope now than I had a few years ago, of more people gradually opening their minds more readily – and indeed intelligently – to the limitless potential not only of the Spirit World but of the Great Source of All, no matter by what name one chooses to regard it. Those of that ‘Other World’ may not yet have provided the monotonously called-for “repeatable scientific experiment” but I am convinced it will not deter them one whit from continuing to strive to bring light and comfort, to ease pain and despair such as, to Their World, is an infinitely greater and nobler service for mankind.